HELL OVER NICARAGUA

AN AVIATION THRILLER
by MAJOR BROOKS and KENNETH COLLING

JAN. 2, 1937

Liberty

5¢

WHY
MARY PICKFORD
QUITS SCREEN

The Facts About
Buddy Rogers

MORE ABOUT PEACE FROM POPE PIUS

"For Digestion's Sake Smoke Camels!"

"MIGHTY GOOD ADVICE," SAYS THIS HARD-RIDING TEXAS COW PUNCHER

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"AFTER RIDING HERD from sun-up to sun-down, the chuck-wagon looks mighty good to me," says Fred McDaniel *(above, also right)*. "But I wouldn't enjoy my 'chuck' half as much without the pleasure I get from smoking Camels with my meals and afterwards. After a good meal and Camels I feel plenty O.K. Camels set me right! And they never get on my nerves."

Smoking Camels, you enjoy a sense of ease while eating, and afterwards too!

WHAT Fred McDaniel says about Camels is backed up 100% by baseball's "Iron Man," Lou Gehrig—by Frank Buck, of "Bring 'Em Back Alive" fame—by Eleanor Tennant, outstanding woman tennis coach—and by millions of other Camel smokers in all walks of life. Enjoy Camels at every meal. They speed up the flow of digestive fluids. Increase alkalinity. Help you *enjoy* food. Camels set you right!

BUSY SECRETARY. "I smoke Camels," says attractive Joselyn Libby. "Camels put more fun into eating and smoking too. So many girls smoke Camels."

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CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...TURKISH AND DOMESTIC...THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND

A Future Link in the Vassar Daisy Chain can't afford to take chances with "Pink Tooth Brush"

IPANA AND MASSAGE HELP YOUR DENTIST KEEP GUMS FIRM AND TEETH SOUND

LOVELINESS is *so* important when you're 20—and few in her college class will be more engaging than this young lady. For already she is paving the way toward a perfect smile...irresistible as only a lovely smile can be. Today—*even before college has entered her mind*—she's learned the importance of massage to sound teeth and healthy gums!

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When you see that tinge of "pink" on your brush—*see your dentist.* It may be the first warning of a serious dental tragedy, *but let your dentist decide.* Usually, however, he'll call it "just another case of lazy gums—gums that need more exercise"—gums that will respond to the healthy stimulation of Ipana and massage.

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IPANA TOOTH PASTE

• With classroom instructions in gum massage, modern teachers everywhere are contributing to the future soundness of their children's teeth and gums.

JANUARY 2, 1937

Liberty

VOL. 14, NO. 1

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

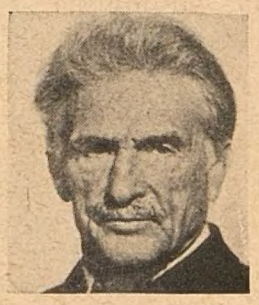
FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

The Ghastly Blunders of the Republican Campaign Managers

THAT the most bitterly fought political campaign in which this country ever engaged should not be resurrected, many will maintain. And under ordinary circumstances we might all agree that the less said the better.

But we should have at least two political parties in this country, and too much strength by either party is not desirable. They should be evenly matched—fight out their differences without overmuch confidence on either side.



BERNARR MACFADDEN

Therefore, in pointing out some of the costly errors made by the Republican campaign managers, the voters of both parties should be benefited.

First, we will quote W. F. Bleakley, former candidate for Governor of New York, who declared the Republicans had failed to keep in step with the rank and file of people; that they thought too much about business and property ranks and too little about the common man. And the criticism was well deserved.

The Republican Party should climb down off its high horse—make its appeal to the masses that represent the majority of voters, and put its message over with the same dramatic interest and force that appealed so effectively to the Democratic voters in the last campaign.

Then there was the mistake of the steam-roller process adopted in the nomination of Mr. Landon. The Convention assembled in Cleveland for the purpose of selecting the best candidate among the competitors. But there was no consideration given by the Convention to the various candidates. None of them were given an opportunity even to become recorded candidates.

The overwhelming promotional campaign for Landon smothered the efforts of all opponents.

And there was the prejudice that was used so effectively against Mr. Landon by the impression, encouraged by Democratic opponents, that he was Mr. Hearst's personal candidate. Not that I have anything against Mr. Hearst. Whatever his faults may be, he is a great publisher whose one idea is the continuance of the liberties associated with constitutional government. The claim that he is a Fascist, identified with Germany and Italy, cannot be substantiated by anything he has ever published in his papers.

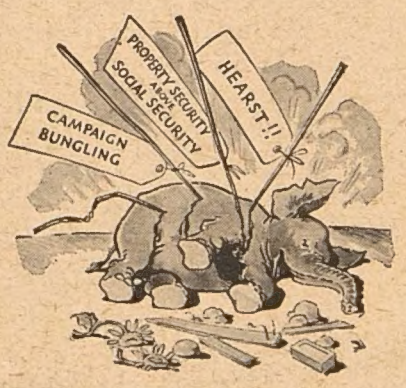
And there was Mr. Hamilton's lecture tour, when he should have been closeted in an office, conferring with campaign managers, creating an organization in every hamlet throughout the country. Mr. Farley must have enjoyed many hearty laughs at the amateurish efforts of his competitors.

And when I heard some Republican leaders maintain that the public was tired of dramatic radio speeches, that was indeed a "laugh." "We want a rugged, honest candidate; speechifying is not important," they said. But the President's every speech was tremendously effective in gathering votes; while Mr. Landon—well, comparisons are out of order.

I personally came in contact with the efforts of the Citizens Independent Committee, of which I was the honorary chairman. This committee sent out speakers who contacted business men throughout the country. Instead of working three or four months, they were active only five or six weeks because of the inability of the managers of the National Committee to recognize their importance.

I offered my services as a speaker and was invited to Maine, Texas, Iowa, and California. But in only one state was I given the support and publicity with a statewide radio contact which enabled me to reach the millions of readers of the Macfadden Publications. And that was Maine, the only state in which the Republicans made a reasonably decent showing.

But last and most tragic was the apparent attack by the Republican managers on Social Security. The fact that they advocated Social Security but were not in favor of the method was not properly emphasized. Voters throughout the country were impressed with the idea that the Republican Party was against Social Security, and that was one of the main causes of the last-minute landslide in Mr. Roosevelt's favor. Previous to that ghastly blunder, the various "straw" estimates indicated a fairly close contest.



Bernarr Macfadden

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Why Mary Pickford Quits the Screen

The Facts About Buddy Rogers; Her Reasons for Withdrawing from Fame —and the Inside Story of What Is Happening to a "Miracle Career"

by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

MARY PICKFORD is to wed Buddy Rogers. Behind that announcement lies a drama more compelling than any America's Sweetheart ever played before a camera.

Mary told me the whole story in her hotel suite in New York just before the announcement was made upon her return to Hollywood.

Mary will wed Buddy early next year. Before the marriage occurs, she may face a desperate operation. Her health has been bad for over two years. At best, she will have to take life easily. So you will see her retirement from the head of United Artists, the big motion-picture releasing organization formed by Mary, Doug Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, and others. You never will see her in films again. More than that, she may never make another picture.

Life has given Mary Pickford a screen success such as can never happen again, and a tremendous fortune. Balancing that, it almost crushed her with the untimely deaths of her mother and of her brother Jack; it beat her down with a romance that went awry.

Mary tried to face it all bravely. She tried to find herself with a religion she herself created to fit her needs. She tried to find forgetfulness in plunging ahead at high speed. And it hasn't worked out.

Mary has been tired. She has been sick. She has been lonely. What are fame and money to balance all that?

Manhattan doctors told her frankly that she could not go on at the old pace if she cared for life. By the time you read these lines she may have undergone that dangerous operation. After it she must rest, take life casually, save herself.

"I realize now that there is more in life than fame," she told me. "For the first time, I am going to take time out from life's battles to do things that can mean little to any one but Mary Pickford.

"I am going to be married. Not right now but some time early next year. In no other way can you realize the completeness of life. Living for self alone is not enough. You become narrow, selfish, limited.

"I am going to marry Buddy Rogers. We feel sure of ourselves and of the future. I feel that I will be happy—and I shall let nothing stand in the way.

"I hope to produce more motion pictures. I may never play in pictures again; probably I won't. But I shall make pictures, I hope. I love the job. But not now. I am going to take a rest, a vacation. It will not be a honeymoon; it will be a vacation for me, alone.

With Buddy Rogers at the time of the announcement. "We feel sure of ourselves," says Mary, "and of the future."

"I am going to England, to Germany. I probably shall sail back from some Scandinavian port. I am going abroad right after the holidays—and I shall take time to get the feel of Europe."

Mary's wedding may take place in London—at least, so Hollywood whispers, for Buddy Rogers will be making pictures in England. Mary herself says it will not be solemnized before she returns from Europe.

But let her tell you about herself.

"People are like ants," she says. "There are warrior ants, worker ants, drones, and a queen. I always have been a worker. I am going to try to hit a medium between action and inactivity.

"I am looking forward to my vacation trip. It will be the sort of travel I have never done. Do you know that I am finding it pleasant to shrink in the public eye, to recede from view? When my success was at its top I was pushed along at a terrific pace. There was no privacy. Look how silent this apartment is now. A few years ago it was a jangle of phone calls. Six wires were busy all the time.

"Don't think I look back with bitterness. Life has

been sweet and startling. Yes, a little bitter at times. But the wonders have been so great, the thrills so compelling. Yet, you know, it's a sort of relief to have it over. At least, to get over the highest hurdles of fame.

"I often wonder how presidents stand the pace of popularity, how kings can keep it up all through life. But they can take a little time off. They are incognito at moments. There is no time off for a movie star. Recently I've watched Clark Gable. He is always recognized, he is pursued, he is hunted. He and the others have to accede graciously. It's part of the game. Yes, I've been through it all."

It was exactly twenty-eight years ago that Mrs. Charlotte Pickford took Mary from her boardinghouse in Thirty-seventh Street, New York, to the studios of the old Biograph Company in a remodeled house at 11 East Fourteenth Street. The little girl with the curls, destined to turn the heads of the world, was just fifteen.

In 1914 Mary was earning $2,000 a week. By 1916 she had reached $4,000 a week. She went on—to a vast fortune, to great happiness.

I am not going into details about Mary's marriage to Doug Fairbanks and its ultimate dissolution. Mary, I know, went through a great deal of pain.

"After Secrets," she continued, "I found that the business of making motion pictures had become so intricate that it would be impossible for any one, I don't care how competent, to be both star and producer. Then and there I made a solemn vow never to appear in a picture that I produced. In the interim I have had four or five propositions to star in pictures. I was offered the role later played by Claudette Colbert in Private Worlds. Twice I was offered roles in Paramount films, once in a Universal production. I turned them down. I doubt if I ever will act again in films.

America's Sweetheart at the peak of her career. "It's a sort of relief," she sighs today, "to have it over."

"I FIND production to be trying and baffling these days, even to veterans of the studios. Take the case of Adolph Zukor, the film pioneer and the man who brought Famous Players-Lasky, later Paramount, to the forefront. That organization found it necessary to call him back to the helm. I know that Zukor finds the task a terribly trying one, absorbing every bit of his vitality. But to him picture making is life. The films are not everything to me, dear as they have been.

"I have been writing—and liking it. I have tried the radio without particular luck; I was doing the job wrong. But, what with writing considerably, working hard for radio, starting a new producing company with Jesse Lasky, and acting for a time as president of United Artists, I have been doing too much. I have found that sleep isn't sufficient when you let things wear you down. So I quit my production company, letting immediate matters go hang.

"When I get back from my vacation abroad, I probably will produce. I have no immediate plans, no stories. I would like to work with a coproducer who will share the problems and the burdens. I felt that Jesse Lasky rushed into production too soon. I didn't want to be hurried. That is why I withdrew from my tie-up with Mr. Lasky. If I could get a story of the Gone With the Wind quality and scope, I would produce it now. Until I get a real story I won't start.

"In 1936 screen stories have taken a sudden twist. They have gone farcical and satirical. My Man Godfrey is a case in point. True, this comedy had a solid basic theme—the forgotten man, the problem of unemployment. But essentially it was satire. So were Mr. Deeds Goes to Town and Libeled Lady.

"I always smile when they say the day of the star is ended. The star never will cease to be. There aren't enough great stories, or even fairly good ones. The star is insurance to both producer and exhibitor.

"YES, I love to make pictures. I've loved acting in them. But I never shall present myself again in films. Neither am I going back to the theater. I have gotten rid of that ambition, along with others. Maybe I am growing sane.

"It is hard to say you will quit. I can imagine the problem now confronting Norma Shearer, faced with the tragedy of the death of her husband, Irving Thalberg, the producer. I know she thinks now she may quit. I would not blame her if she should. But she would be quitting at the very crest of her career. It would be the first time any one has done that.

"I love radio and I want to do more things on the air. But I want to do them on programs over which I have some control. My last programs, for instance, were almost completely guided by others. I could select or pass upon the people to be on the program with me. But the other things, from the music to the material, were out of my hands. I never would do that again.

"There you have my vague plans for the future. It's hard to quit completely, of course. That is why I cannot say right out in church that I am through. I tell myself that the screen no longer demands extreme youth. The recent successes are not young people. And yet—

"Meanwhile I have grown house-minded. I think—in fact I'm sure—I shall sell Pickfair. For one thing, I want to get a small house on Lake Arrowhead. The sort of place where you can rough it by yourself.

"Is selling Pickfair a shock to you? I may regret it. But I have made up my mind. I want a different atmosphere about me. I shall keep my antiques, the things that belonged to my mother, things with memories. I shall do more riding; I shall keep ponies. I shall have all kinds of games. There will be space to toss horseshoes, to play tennis, for bowling alleys, for shooting galleries, for archery—and a bathing pool.

"Where will my new home be? In a new section of the film colony. Everything will be less formal. I should like to live more within myself."

She sighed. "I can be happy only if I am contented. And I intend to be contented."

THE END

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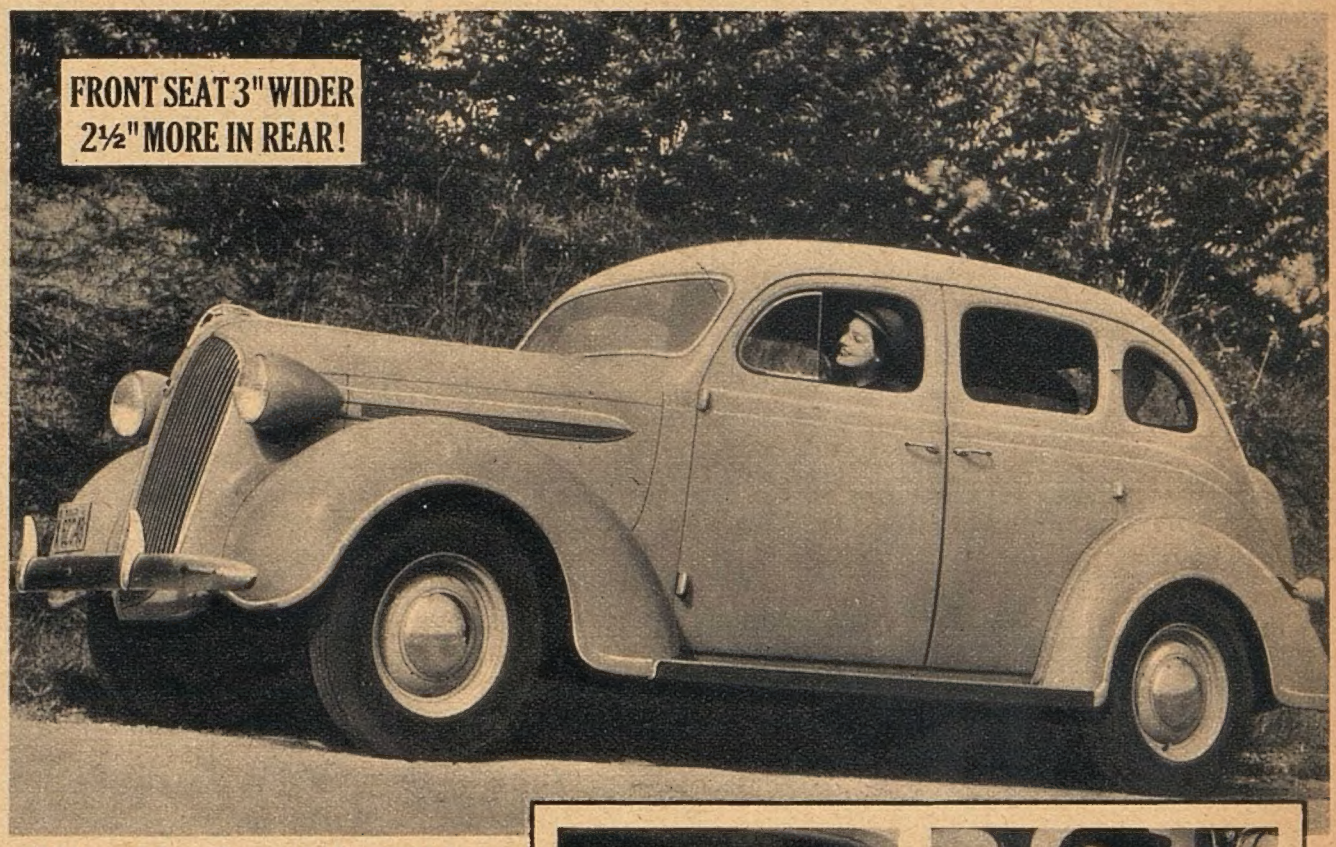

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The Keys O

BIRDS had been known to dash themselves against the tall cliffs of Takau wildly, inexplicably, falling to their death. There were native tales about ghosts that haunted the island and did a mischief sometimes to unwary men.

Yet it was beautiful; loveliest, perhaps, of the twin islands set in the blue Pacific that belonged to Leo Gamble. Tinomana, across the strait, was lower and more accessible than Takau; it was feathered with tall palms, planted with fruit trees; it had a bungalow, and a boat jetty running down the wide white shore. Takau, tall and steep, broke off short above the sea in precipices masked by uncleared bush; on the summit stood, open to all winds, a shack that was weatherproof and little more.

The port of entry for the Laka group, Meitaki, could just be seen on the horizon. From Meitaki you traveled to Leo's islands by occasional launch, and your stores and your mails and your visitors—if any—went by the same route.

On the day that Leo and Cecily came to Tinomana—Cecily drugged with happiness, chloroformed by sun and sea airs, so that she no longer felt the sting of the Puritan conscience that had tormented her all along the cold New Zealand coasts and up from Australia; Leo Gamble, dark, inscrutable, calm as he had always been calm, even in those moments of fierce danger that had been common in his explorer's career—they stood together on the top of the island, looking toward the illimitable sea line.

He set a gold ring on her hand. He had kept it for this hour.

"What is the inscription?" she said, looking at it closely. It was an Egyptian scarab ring of great age and value.

"Translated," he said, "it's this:

> "I found thee,
> I keep thee,
> The gods give thee to me forever."

Cecily drew a long breath of delight. George Grant, her husband, away down in Dunwoodie, at the cold antarctic end of New Zealand—George, twenty years older than herself, a solicitor with no interests beyond his practice, had been "sensible" about the engagement ring. It was a standard pattern half-hoop of very small diamonds, like—except as to size—every ring that every girl in Dunwoodie had ever been given. He had said, as he put it on her hand, "Now don't go dropping it down the washbasin, or losing it along the beach, for you won't get another."

That ring was at the bottom of the Antarctic Ocean, where Leo Gamble, adventurer, explorer, and famous man, had thrown it, with her wedding ring, the night they ran away to the steamer.

It had been a whirlwind courtship. Leo, coming back from the antarctic, had met the little yellow-haired wife of his solicitor at a dinner given in honor of the exploring party; had been told by interested friends that Grant kept her shut up in a box, and wouldn't even let her go to the pictures, because he was jealous of everything and everybody; had felt, the moment he saw her, that she was too good for such a fool. Leo Gamble, lover of many women, knew, if Grant did not, that no woman, married or single, can be cheated forever of the one thing that matters more to her than anything on earth—her dream.

The day they came to Tinomana he said to her, after he had put the priceless scarab on her hand, and kissed it, "This is our home for as long as you like, but remember, that other island, Takau, isn't for you. You must never go on it for any reason or any excuse."

"Why, my Lord Bluebeard?" she asked him, and he said, "No matter. Call me Bluebeard if you like—"

"You're dark enough," she said, looking again at the dusky deep-set eyes.

"Call me anything; call Takau Bluebeard's chamber, if you choose, but let the keys alone." His eye wandered to the native canoe that lay on the low beach of Tinomana.

"I promise," she said.

Bluebeard was in the habit of visiting his own secret chamber almost daily; he picked up things on the beach, brought them back, wrapped in bagging, and stored them carefully underneath the living-room floor.

One day, when she had come upon him unexpectedly as he was storing away a bag of some yellow-brown substance that spilled out and fell upon the floor, he said, cocking a mischievous eye at her, "What is it, Madam B.?"

Cecily sniffed fastidiously. "It's ugly," she said, "and it smells like—like something toasted—toast gone a little bad and spread with baddish butter."

"That," said Leo, "is ambergris."

"What! The thing they make the perfumes of?"

"The thing that's used in perfumery, yes. Less of it in the world every year. Between these islands there's a

Slowly, loaded with a burden, the small craft came to land.

ILLUSTRATION
BY
MARSHALL FRANTZ

BLUEBEARD

by Beatrice Grimshaw

real mine of ambergris. The currents seem to land it mostly on Takau. But here's the catch." (He was stowing away treasure as he spoke, rough lumps the size of a fish, worth as much as a motorcar; lumps as big as a man's head, worth a fine town house.) "I couldn't keep it if any one found out. Law of flotsam and jetsam. Thrown up on the beach or floating about—any one's."

"So that's the Bluebeard secret?" Cecily demanded.

Leo didn't answer her at first, and then he said, "What I told you about Takau still holds—Madam Bluebeard."

It's nothing that matters, she thought. The dear likes his little secrets. But she was astonished at his keenness, his almost greediness, over this treasure-trove of the seas.

Gamble was not fonder of money than, perhaps, you or I. But after he stole away the wife of George Grant, solicitor, he guessed that she couldn't be kept for always unless Grant divorced her—which was the last thing a man of Grant's type was likely to do.

Money would buy them both a position in some sort of society after the islands of the blest had palled, as even blest islands do. If you have money enough, you can get away with murder, Leo thought. Or without money—sometimes. He passed his hand across his cat mustache and smiled. Only the earth's waste places knew what Leo Gamble had got away with in the buried years.

Every day, when Leo had paddled himself across from the Bluebeard island and put away his catch, he had been wont to cast a glance here and there, a mechanical look, like that of a coast guard sweeping the bare horizon with his glass. This day, being occupied with his own thoughts, he hardly knew that he was looking; did not know that, for once, he had missed the object of that daily search—until Cecily, seizing his arm, cried out, "Leo, there's some one coming!"

The launch took an hour or more to creep across the satin of the still Pacific. Even though they could only tell, at first, that there was a native engineer on board and two white men—Leo and Cecily knew, from the instant the launch was sighted, that Cecily's husband was on board.

Cecily held on to Leo's arm with a drowning grip. "You won't let him take me away?" she said, breathless and trembling.

With his warm hands he pressed her chilly fingers. "If that's Grant—and I think it is—you needn't see or speak to him. Go into the bungalow and stop there. He and I will meet each other on Takau."

With the sun beginning to sink in a brazen sea, Cecily, watching, saw a man come out of the bungalow on Takau. But no, it wasn't George. George was fat and tall; this was the other, this thin smallish fellow, walking with Leo.

They took the canoe, and began paddling back to Tinomana. On the top of the island, as the sun went down, Cecily could see a black massive figure standing outside the doorway of the hut. That would be George. George, it seemed, was going to stay the night on the other island. Leo must have had some trouble to persuade or bully him into it, but it had been done. There was bedding and furniture on Takau, and food as well; Leo had always kept the hut prepared, in case of stormy weather detaining him overnight.

Here was Leo now, gay and unconcerned as ever. No one would think he had been holding what Cecily knew must have been an extremely stormy interview with her husband. He was introducing the other man—some one called Winder, who didn't need to be introduced; Cecily remembered him, a friend of George's. He has brought him along for a witness, she thought. He's on George's side. I wish they had left him over on Takau.

Nevertheless, she was civil to Winder, even when the little attorney's clerk told her right out that Grant had come to take her home again, and wouldn't be satisfied with anything less.

"Your husband doesn't believe in divorce," Winder said, fixing her with gray disapproving eyes that seemed to Cecily to embody and express the opinions of far-away Dunwoodie upon her conduct. The worst of it was that she agreed with Dunwoodie; she knew she was bad.

But she couldn't see herself going back to Grant and to Dunwoodie. The tall black island across the strait took on a sinister aspect as she thought of that. She had never liked the place; she hated it now; it was slimed all over with Grant.

After dinner they played a stupid game of dummy bridge, and Winder smoked the good cigars that Leo gave him, and they all went early to bed.

George—could—take—care of himself—on that thought, strangely repeated, Cecily went to sleep.

Leo said, next morning, "You've been crying." They were out on the veranda in the freshness of the early day.

Cecily said, "I've not—or only a little. I—I can't help it."

"I suppose it's because that dog-in-the-manger wouldn't give you your freedom."

"Is it sure he won't?"

Leo said, shifting the cigarette between his lips, "Yes. Do you mean to let that matter?"

She could only answer, "It must!"

"Money," said Leo, "will carry off most things in most places."

"I don't care about money," she told him. "You do—but you said you couldn't be sure of keeping—what you had—to yourself."

The cigarette was done; he threw it down.

"I can be sure," he said.

Winder joined them, and immediately recommenced his arguments of the previous night. Why didn't Leo leave him over on Takau with George? thought Cecily.

To all that he said she opposed her unconquerable resolution. She would not go back to Grant. She would not see him or speak to him.

"Then what, if I may ask, are your—plans?" the little man inquired. His tone was chilly, superior.

It seemed that she had a vital decision to make, there in the garden of Paradise that belonged to Leo and to her above the quiet sea that had never, until now, carried trouble to them from the world of struggling men.

Her throat was dry; she had to swallow once or twice before she could speak.

"I—I—I'm going away," she said. She hadn't known it ten minutes before. She knew now. Leo would give her money, and she would make him release her, and she would go and break her heart somewhere, alone. She couldn't, couldn't go on being the—the—(no, not that word!) of a man. Even Leo.

THE answer was something that she had not expected. Leo laughed. In a satisfied way, as if something pleased him. And he told her, "I knew you'd say that," and right before little Winder he stooped down (he had a long way to stoop) and kissed her. Then he walked away, whistling.

Winder merely bowed to Cecily and took his way down to the beach, where the canoe lay waiting.

"I can't work this craft of yours," he called to Leo. "I shall have to trouble you."

"Grant knows how to paddle, I believe," Leo called in answer.

"I—it's odd, but he doesn't seem to have got up yet; can't see him anywhere."

"Well, I'll take you over." Leo came down to the shore.

Cecily watched them crossing the strait; saw them land and make their way up to the hut. Silence fell on Tinomana.

To keep herself from thinking—above all, from thinking about that decision of hers that lay cold in her warm heart like a snake coiled up in a dove's nest—she set to work getting things ready for Leo's dinner. Curry she would make; there was no fresh meat, and tinned stuff wanted dressing. Salt meat, she knew, was kept upon Takau; maybe he'd bring a bit back with him; they didn't use it as a rule in that thirsty climate.

Meantime she got to work upon her curry, gathering fresh herbs to flavor it, and not forgetting the red peppers that Leo loved; he had learned to like strong spices in his Eastern travels. The peppers were nearly done, but she found a bush of good ones right down on the beach, finest and biggest she had seen. You didn't put them into the curry, you squeezed their juice through a cloth.

Lunch was finished, cooked, set ready to warm up when wanted, and still there was no sign of the men. Cecily was growing uneasy. Like Malbrook's wife, she went up to the top of the island, looked out to see where Leo and Winder had gone. . . . There, there, at last! They were coming slowly round the corner of the cliffs; they must have walked the whole way round Takau. What could have kept them, and what was it they were carrying?

She asked herself, but she knew. It was George Grant.

A long way off across the empty sea a pencil streak of black began to show. The launch was on its way. Who was going back again by that launch, and who would never go?

SHE ran to the beach. No Bluebeard's chamber terrors would have kept her from Takau if the canoe had been there for her use. But it was on the opposite shore, and she had to wait until, slowly, loaded with a burden that was almost too much for the small craft, the canoe, paddled by Leo Gamble, with Winder as passenger, came to land. Across the outrigger they had laid the body of Grant. Just as he looked when she left him in Dunwoodie he looked now, the fair reddish face that she hated, the thick lips, the light hair fringing the half-bald round head. But the eyes were closed, and she was sure in that moment that they would never open upon her again.

"Go up to the house," Leo told her.

"What is it?" she asked him before she went. She was shaking all over; her voice sounded strange in her ears. But Leo was perfectly calm.

"Grant has fallen; killed himself, it seems," he answered.

Winder cut in, "We found him at the bottom of the cliffs. He appears to have gone wandering in the night and fallen over." Winder seemed to be disturbed and puzzled. "It was a fine night," he said. "Moonlight too. I—I can't understand. I—I— But of course no suspicion can possibly attach—"

"What does he mean?" Cecily asked, staring.

"I should suppose what he says. Cecily, you heard me."

Obedience had become part of her nature. She left the two and went to her own room. George was dead. No one could do anything for him. And she was free. She fell upon her bed.

Late in the afternoon she woke from a sleep of exhaustion. The house was very still. A long way off the put-put of the launch sounded faintly across the sea. It was dying away. She did not need to ask who and what had gone away with it.

Leo came into the room. He looked strangely pale and feverish, she thought. Was he going to be ill, out here on lonely Tinomana?

"Are you all right?" she asked. It was not what she had expected to say to him in this, the first moment of their freedom, this day that made it possible for her to become at last an "honest woman."

Leo passed a hand over his eyes. "I think

so," he said. Then: "You've had no lunch."

"I didn't want any. I'll make a cup of tea."

"Give me some when you do. I believe I've got a touch of that confounded Egyptian malaria." He went into the sitting room and lay down on the couch.

There was a flagstaff on the island. Cecily looked at Leo once, twice, with her heart beating in her temples and her fingers turning cold. Then she went to the top of Tinomana and ran the flag up, half-mast high. They mightn't see it from Meitaki, and then again they might, if any one was looking at the island through a glass. She could only hope.

When she came back to the sitting room Leo was flinging himself about like a mad beast, falling against the furniture, striking his head upon the walls. Just as the little land birds had done against the cruel cliffs of Takau when the evil spirit of that island had seized upon them and driven them to their death, as the devils in Holy Writ seized the swine and sent them rushing violently down a steep place into the sea.

He seemed to be blind. He did not see her come in. He went on flinging himself about, crying strange and dreadful things. Cecily darted to the door, locked it, and put the key down the front of her dress. Then she backed behind the sofa and stood there staring. Was he possessed? Was he mad?

The fit went over. He had groped sightlessly to the door; had fought with the handle and found it locked. Just for a moment she feared he might use his terrible strength to break the door; but suddenly the madness seemed to pass, and he sank down upon a chair.

"Cecily," he said.

"Dear," she answered him, coming forth fearlessly and laying her hand in his. "What is it? Are you ill?"

He said, "What was in the food you made?"

He's still out of his senses, she thought. "Nothing, love," she answered. "Just curry."

"Was there fruit in the curry?"

"No. Only peppers."

"What peppers? Bring them."

She saw that he must be humored. She went down to the beach and picked some of the peppers, the large long ones, that she had squeezed for the curry.

He took the fruit in his hands and felt it. Presently he said, "You've always obeyed me. Break off that bush and throw it into the sea. Go now."

Again she did his bidding and came back.

"Was it bad? Was there anything wrong?" she asked, almost unable to speak.

LEO drew himself erect and spoke the bravest words of all his life.

"Nothing," he said. "I'm just a little—ill. Give me your hand."

He stumbled; she helped him into the bedroom and led him (for he could not find his way) to the bed. He lay down upon it and turned his face toward the wall.

When the launch appeared, there were two men in it—Winder and another man whom she recognized as the doctor from the port of entry.

"Anything wrong?" the doctor asked briskly.

"It's my—my husband," Cecily said, faltering a little over the word. "He's got an attack of some sort of fever—I don't understand it—he went crazy for about a minute, and he doesn't seem to see very well—"

The doctor exchanged a significant glance with Winder.

"Two in one day," he said. "Lucky my last job was in Queensland. You might take me to the patient."

They walked together up the hill, and the doctor kept glancing sharply about him as they went. He seemed to be on the lookout for something that he did not find.

Leo would not let her come into the room. He spoke to the doctor, by himself; she heard their voices murmuring, but could not guess at what they said. Winder stood in the outer room, whistling uneasily, and did not look at her.

By and by the doctor came out. "You can go in now," he said.

Leo was sitting on the side of the bed. "You'd better know," he said. "I'm blind."

She felt as if she had been struck on the heart. "It isn't true!"

"It is true. There's a"—he hesitated—"a fever on Takau, and I got it. I shall never see again. You'd better pack up and go back to New Zealand. You don't want to be a blind man's dog the rest of your life."

She was kneeling beside him, her arms round him. "But I do—I do! I'll be your dog—your wife—anything! I'll send for the missionary to marry us tomorrow."

"You would do that?"

"A hundred times, yes."

HE was going to speak, but Winder had come into the room noisily. Cecily thought she heard him more and more; always he seemed to be in the way—always meddling. He said in his clipped pompous manner, "I think this lady ought to know the real state of affairs before she binds herself to do anything of the sort. She isn't free."

Cecily said, "What!"

"Perhaps she was not informed that Mr. George Grant is recovering."

"She would have been informed in a minute," Leo said coolly. Mr. Winder looked at him as if he did not believe him. Cecily said, "Was my—was Mr. Grant badly hurt?"

"Pretty badly," Winder answered, "and there seems to be an injury to his eyes."

"Will he be—" She could not finish.

Winder said, "Doctor says no one can tell that."

"And now," said Leo, "you can damned well go."

Winder hesitated, turned, and left the room.

Outside, the doctor stood and looked across at Takau. "A clear case, from what Grant was able to tell me," he said. "The finger cherry of North Queensland; classified as a noxious weed; probably brought over to Takau by some accident—Queensland's the next land—but what the devil set Grant to eating it?"

"He said there was nothing but salt meat in the hut, and hardly any water. He saw the finger cherries at the door of the hut, and he was thirsty."

"And of course he ate some. They're tempting things, curse them! Gets the optic nerve. Birds too; the fruit eaters peck at them and go mad and blind and fall into the sea; and I dare say that's how some of the seeds have been carried to these islands, where people know nothing about them. I'll see to having them rooted out of Takau. I wonder Gamble didn't do it; he can't have known. Poor chap, he'll suffer enough for his carelessness."

"I wonder too," said Winder, "about quite a lot of things. Do you think Grant'll get back his sight?" said Winder.

"Quite possible; I judge he didn't have near as much of the poison as the other fellow. Gamble might never see that pretty girl again."

In the bedroom, Cecily sat beside her lover.

"What about it?" he asked, holding her hand.

"I'm going to stay," she said. "I know I'm wicked, but I don't care—now—how wicked I am."

Leo laughed as he put his arms about her. "There'll be a pair of us, then," he said.

She was never to know what he meant.

THE END

HOMESTEADER'S *Wife*

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

From the Heart: a Moving Chronicle of New Lives for Old—The Other Side of a Much-Criticized Project

JULY 14, 1935: This is the first time I have ever tried to keep a diary. I wish I had begun one a year ago today, when we moved into our new home here. The first weeks I was afraid to go to sleep—my nice little home might disappear in the night.

Some of the first meetings of our Woman's Club we just talked and talked. We had escaped from misery, starvation. We had come from a hut in a coal-mine camp to a comfortable modern cottage. No wonder we talked!

I am thirty-two. I have the three children, the two boys and little Sissy, bless her heart! Our income is about sixty dollars per month. We pay nineteen dollars and thirty cents a month for our house with ground. Our grocery bill is never paid in full. My husband is wearing the same clothes he had when we were married fifteen years ago for his best suit. My boys are comfortably dressed in overalls and sweaters. Sissy and I wear wash dresses. We have a cow and two pigs. Our garden grew enough vegetables for me to fill my shelves with canned food.

September 8: The new school buildings are done. Tomorrow will be the first day of school. The men have worked there for a week. Today the teachers went to the school and waited while the trucks hauled all the equipment from the old houses where we had school last year. We put chairs, desks, and books into the rooms. What a good place for our children to go to school!

September 9: I dug potatoes nearly all morning. This afternoon I scrubbed and limed the chicken house. There is lots of hard work here. We have to keep right at it all the time.

October 2: Jim went to the craftsman's shop tonight. He is making some furniture for our house. He will go every Thursday. It won't cost anything except the price of the lumber. He will begin a table tonight.

Jim is home. He has gone to bed. It is pretty hard to work six hours a day at his carpenter's job on the project, come home and dig potatoes, care for the cow and pigs, eat his supper, and then hurry away to work until ten making furniture. When I said this to him he said, "Let me get some sleep and I'll be ready for more work at six o'clock in the morning. I like it!"

I got the pressure cooker from the Co-op today. I will use it for two days—only ten cents a day. I can can a great many vegetables in two days with it.

I finished another large pan of dried corn today. My dried-corn sack is almost full.

We promised to pay a dollar a month for the bus. It will go over the project and get the nursery children. None of ours will ride, but all homesteaders will pay.

October 31: For several days all we have talked about has been the Halloween dance. I am going to wear my grandmother's wedding dress.

Later: I wore it. Jim told me I looked lovely. We are learning to be happier together here where things are different. I was unhappy so long.

There were all kinds of costumes. John Constable, all blacked up, got the prize—he acted so funny!

We left the children with Mrs. South. Just Jim and I went alone, like we used to.

Sunday, November 3: We had a large crowd of visitors today. They come in cars bearing the license plates of nearly every state. They ask to see our houses. We are proud to show them. Then they ask us what we eat, what we think of the project, whether we can plant what we want to, if we all have to hang pongee curtains at our windows!

Tonight at supper I heard a car drive in. Then I saw a man looking in our window. Jim went out. We were a little bit cross. There were two women and a man. He said he was a congressman. We told them they could look as much as they pleased if they would promise not to write about us in the paper.

Some people say the homestead won't last. Jim and I think even if it fails maybe we can work hard enough to hold on to ours. Some people say they are done with hard work forever—the government can keep them. Jim and I came here expecting to work hard. We only want a chance to get on our feet.

I used to worry about the children. Now they can go in the fields and woods, go to school, visit their friends. Of course I still have to watch. They might get in with that crowd that drinks and boasts about not working.

November 11: The children had moving pictures at school today. They were happy about it. A man brought pictures of animals and pretty scenes in West Virginia.

November 15: We finished the last of the canning for school lunches today. We have 3,512 quart cans of vegetables. We have 1,000 bushels of potatoes that the men and boys grew and dug. Some days I thought I couldn't spare time to go to the canning kitchen. When I got there I found all the other women. We talked and sang and visited. It was fun.

December 3: Thanksgiving Day was butchering day. We killed our two hogs—they dressed 600 pounds. The men of seven families went together to an old house to do the butchering. When the hogs were dressed they got one of the government trucks to haul them to our homes.

We can't be hungry this winter. Jim and I used to pretend we didn't want any meat so the children could have all there was.

December 4: Mrs. Roosevelt is here. I knew she was expected. I saw her as she got into her car. She will be at the dance tonight. If Jim isn't too tired we'll go down.

December 10: Went to club meeting tonight. There will be some money from outside to help buy Christmas presents for the children. We appointed committees to get the tree, to trim it, to make cheesecloth stockings for the candy, to get singers for the carols. Our tree will be Christmas Eve in the new Recreation Building. The children will have a play and sing carols. Santa will give the gifts. I am on the committee to trim the tree.

I have saved $4.67. I am going to buy some Christmas things—a football, a knife, a doll, a pipe for Jim.

My chickens are laying pretty well. I get six eggs every day. One chicken will have to die for our Christmas dinner. I am going to have a real celebration.

December 23: The children and I are ready to go to the Christmas tree. They are looking for Santa and, thank God, this year he will come.

December 31: The Christmas tree was fine! We did have a terrible blizzard—wind, snow, sleet, ten below zero. But our Christmas celebration here was fine, too. Jim brought home a chest of drawers he'd made for me.

Acme photo

"This dear little house." The house shown typifies fifty in the homestead community at Reedsville, West Virginia.

Pictures, Inc., photo

"We are native Americans. We can take it." Arthurdale homesteaders in front of their Administration Building.

We have plenty of coal, so we kept our house warm. We had no frozen pipes. Some homesteaders went to visit friends for a few days. Their water pipes froze—even the pumps in some houses.

January 5, 1936: Some people say our school isn't any good. They want us to take our children out of it and send them to the county schools. We won't. Jim and I talked. The children are happy and learning.

We are native-born Americans. We can take it. Those who howl for everything to be made so easy can't.

I am learning to make a candlewick bedspread. I got all the materials for ninety-seven cents. I made my own design. Mrs. Myers is teaching us. I am going to teach them how to make tomato preserve.

January 8: Sewed for Sissy today. She wanted an old-fashioned dress and sunbonnet. I made her dress of red calico, her sunbonnet of gray with heavy lining to hold starch. She looks so cute in them. Her class has made some furniture and go to an old, old log cabin every day to play being pioneers.

January 17: This was my day to go to the kitchen to help prepare the children's lunches. There were six of us to prepare two hundred fifty lunches. We served one or two baked potatoes, depending on size, with a piece of butter in the middle; a big cupful of carrots; two slices of bread; half a pint of milk. All that lunch for two and one half cents a day.

February 13: It is very cold today. The snow is deep and it drifts. Neighbors came in to sit with us—the Petersons, the Joneses, the Calvins. We women knitted and worked on our bedspreads while the men talked.

It was funny to hear those men talk about all the things they want to have investigated. They sounded like congressmen. There are always two big questions: Are we paying for our homes or are we just paying rent and may be sent away any time? Is our school the right kind of school for our children? Well, our school is a progressive school—that is what they call it. I don't know why we are so anxious for our children to have the same old kind of schools we had.

February 21: Jim took the boys to the basketball game tonight. Sissy is asleep. She looks so sweet in her little bed. I am glad we got those beds when we came—three little single beds and one double bed, all of polished maple. My, they do seem elegant to me. They don't make our payments much bigger.

I have always believed in God, always trusted Him to take care of us. But it was pretty hard to do before we came here when we only had carrots to eat for days at a time. Now this dear little house is so easy to keep clean and shining that I have more and more time to work in the fields and garden, help neighbors when they need it, and enjoy my family.

Some homesteaders are getting up a Sunday school. We met last night to make some plans. We can use one of the buildings at the Community Center. Some of the ministers will come in from the outside to help us. We want to have a young people's meeting on Sunday evenings, too.

April 6: Am I lucky? I got to help serve the supper that was served to Mrs. Roosevelt and the guests who came with her to see our school. After the supper they went to the hall, where a dance was going on. Mrs. Roosevelt knitted until that set was over; then she danced, too. Jim and I danced with her. Her dress was rust color with cloth of gold on the lower part of the sleeves. She left tonight for Washington.

April 20: Tom —— is giving his parents trouble and worry. He stole a bicycle and ran away. The county judge paroled him in the custody of the constable in charge of our homesteads. His parents are afraid their homestead may be taken from them. Tom is Mary ——'s first baby, and she has spoiled him. Poor boy! He is not altogether to blame. He had to do without even the right kind of food before we came here. I have tried not to spoil my James. I wish I knew better what is best for him. He wants to go to the dances and be allowed to come and go freely in and out as he pleases. He's only thirteen.

May 19: The men who are going to sing in the quartet came to our house tonight to practice. I gave them cake and coffee. Thursday evening they are going to sing at the school program in the Recreation Building. Jim loves to sing; I'm glad they got up a quartet.

May 21: Jim has gone to Washington, to the White House. Isn't that grand? Twenty-two homesteaders were invited by Mrs. Roosevelt to help entertain disabled veterans on the White House lawn. Jim will sing in the quartet.

May 22: Jim came home about three o'clock this morning. He saw the President and the President shook hands with them. They went to the Smithsonian to see Lindbergh's plane. All the way home in the cars they sang.

THE END

What appears in these pages has to do with one of the movements most bitterly assailed by enemies of the administration—the subsistence homestead and resettlement undertakings. Much has been heard in condemnation of their expenditures and methods. Here is testimony from a different point of view—a voluntary statement sent to Liberty without invitation or solicitation. The author's name and identity, of course, are known to us.

THE EDITORS.

Wide World Photo

ALL men perhaps cherish with more or less definiteness a Greatest Hope. Pope Pius XI cherishes his.

What is it?

Let us explore the question step by step.

Duality, one may say at once, is of the essence of the Pope's Greatest Hope. It is religious and moral, idealistic and tender, on the one hand; it is rigorously intellectual, political, social, and economic on the other. The Pope lives in two worlds: the world of the soul with its many powerful attributes, and the world of the intellect with its inescapable practical problems.

But he does not separate these worlds. He unites them. He puts them in the relationship of plinth to column. The soul and its attributes are the plinth. The intellect and its preoccupations are the column. Without the rock base the superstructure could not stand; without the superstructure the base would lift nothing useful or beautiful into the air.

Thus we see that religion, morality, idealism, and tenderness come first—they are fundamental—with Pope Pius XI. Nothing firm, in his judgment, can be built without them. He does not think truth can be seen except through religion. He does not think it can be vindicated except through morality, through the Christian virtues. He does not think it can issue in what is most generous and noblest in human relations except through idealism and tenderness.

SO we discern the outline of one side, and the deeper side, of the Pope's Greatest Hope. It is the hope that religion and morality may have the consolidated support of the world. "It is far from having this support now," declares His Holiness, with emotion. "Clouds darken the earth; mankind sees either dimly or not at all. He does not understand himself, our average modern man. Light is what we need. We have genius, talent, imagination, courage, power, wealth; but the flame of the living truth burns very low. Let the gifted and the fortunate awake, rise, and do their religious, moral, and educational duty by their fellow men. God has bidden them. *Let them lead!*"

The Peace Pope, he calls himself and the world calls him. His papal labors began just at the time when war had made itself clear in its full measure of evil. "For peace I will work unceasingly," said the Pope. "And I can work with effect toward that goal only if I can do two things: help in widening religious feeling and appreciation—making better women and men—and in contributing to the instruction of these women and men as to how best to apply their integrity and benevolence."

For he is no mere dreamer, no chimerical introvert. His mental heritage and physical life went strongly against that. He is said to have "seen with piercing eyes" as a child; was born keenly and persever-

More About Peace from POPE PIUS

Again Liberty Conveys an Impressive Plea from the Vatican—Statesmen, Study the World! Says the Pontiff; We Need More Knowledge!

by

EDWARD PRICE BELL

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

ingly thoughtful, even markedly imaginative, yet in the end severely pragmatic. The Alpine Pope is another of his appellations. Alpine climbers get acquainted with hard realities!

We pass from the plinth to the column, from the religious to the temporal side of the Pope's Greatest Hope. If he has been called the Peace Pope, and the Alpine Pope, and the Economic Pope—and he has received all these descriptives—he well might have another: the Realistic Pope. Realism is imprinted upon the whole of his life's work. It appeared when he was a very young student. His instinct was that an abstraction unrealized or unrealizable was but an empty bit of intellectualism, a plaything of the reason. It had little usefulness for mankind. And the boy, the "young old man," of Bellagio, always was thinking of the joy and the duty of service to mankind.

As he was in those early days, so he is now. He still sees with the "piercing eyes" of his youth, distrusts ideology, wants to lay hold of what is veritable, lasting, irreducible—the stuff of human history. Profound as is his faith in religion as the ultimate reality, in God and the necessity of the utter yielding of men to God's spirit and guidance, he knows religion is not enough for the solution of humanity's problems: knowledge also is vital—worldly knowledge, precise knowledge of geography, demography, strategy, politics, economics, and racial and national prejudices, prides, and passions of the peoples of the world.

NOT to know these, the Pope holds, is to be in an international sense politically incompetent. Listening to the views of His Holiness on this subject, one is reminded of the international political philosophy of that original, fearless, and brilliant journalist, the late Lord Northcliffe of England. He said to me two days before he died (he was prostrate in his home in Carlton Gardens, London): "Ignorance of the world and what is in it destroys the power of governments to build a stable world order. Only knowledge can bring friendship, and only friendship can bring settled peace. No untraveled man ever should have a determining voice in any government whose policies spell peace or war."

Pope Pius XI had not been long in authority at the Vatican before he gave conclusive evidence of his administrative vigor and ability, and of his realism. The Catholic Church, like the Protestant, had known a period of neglect of foreign missions. That was at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Soon there came a great revival in this respect. As for the Roman Catholics, they established the *Congregatio de Propaganda Fide* (Institute for the Propagation of the Faith) and moved forward systematically in the field of foreign missions. Pope Pius XI, by his office chief of the Congregation, took a hand at once in the furtherance of its labors. The world was mapped. Its realities were grasped. The proper personnel went out to every important center of human life to apply Vatican-inspired energy and method in the spreading of Christianity.

Similar activities almost innumerable have occupied this Pope since he was raised to the throne of St. Peter nearly fifteen years ago. And in them all he has been thinker and man of action, analyst and synthesist, inexorable realist—a religio-political personality resolute to make his sacred fervor, his conception of morality and moral obligation, concretely effective in everyday human affairs. Politics to Pope Pius XI is religion, and religion politics: both exist and function for the purification and beatification of humanity. And as one works in the field of religion, so must one work in the field of politics: ardor, system, and indefatigability in both places.

"Study the world!"

That is the Pope's cry to statesmen.

It represents the lay part of his Greatest Hope—the hope, to speak summarily, that statesmen of complete religious consecration and impeccable ethical sense shall master world factors, natural and human, and then proceed to the international adjustments, territorial, strategic, politico-economic, financial, which are indispensable to international trust, good will, and peace. Reverence and knowledge as teammates for God's children everywhere! That's the Pope's Greatest Hope. Let us have an end of international blindman's buff!

Now what does this standpoint mean practically with reference to very recent international developments? It means that world statesmen should have understood the Manchurian question—a question with many rather recondite bearings—better than they did before advancing to precise commitments. They should have known their geography, biology, strategy, politics, economics, and racial temperaments better. They should have known that abstract principles, however defensible in logic, are powerless to block historical evolution. They should have put realism before legalism in east Asia.

AND so in the case of the long and vexatious Italo-Ethiopian struggle. History's physiognomy should have been recognized there also. Irreversible tendencies and inevitabilities should have been taken into account. Better that than that impracticality and high political policy, deploying themselves upon the wide stage of Europe, should threaten the whole of civilization with ruin. There are like situations in the world still. In meeting these situations—as met they must be—let the world's most responsible leaders walk in the light, the spiritual, moral, and intellectual light, and not in the old twilight or darkness where stumbling is sure. Let them call spirituality, morality, exact knowledge, realism to the colors of mankind.

In such fashion may be summarized the celestial and the mundane in Pope Pius XI, one of the really great unselfish figures of the world. All his study and striving as youth and adult are in efflorescence now as he nears the eightieth milestone of his life's march. And he not only is hoping his Greatest Hope but is working, as always, extremely hard. Every one wonders over how little he sleeps. His desk light burns later than most. And not infrequently he is seen at his study window as a new day changes from silver to crimson above the blue flood of the Mediterranean.

THE END

HELL Over Nicaragua

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

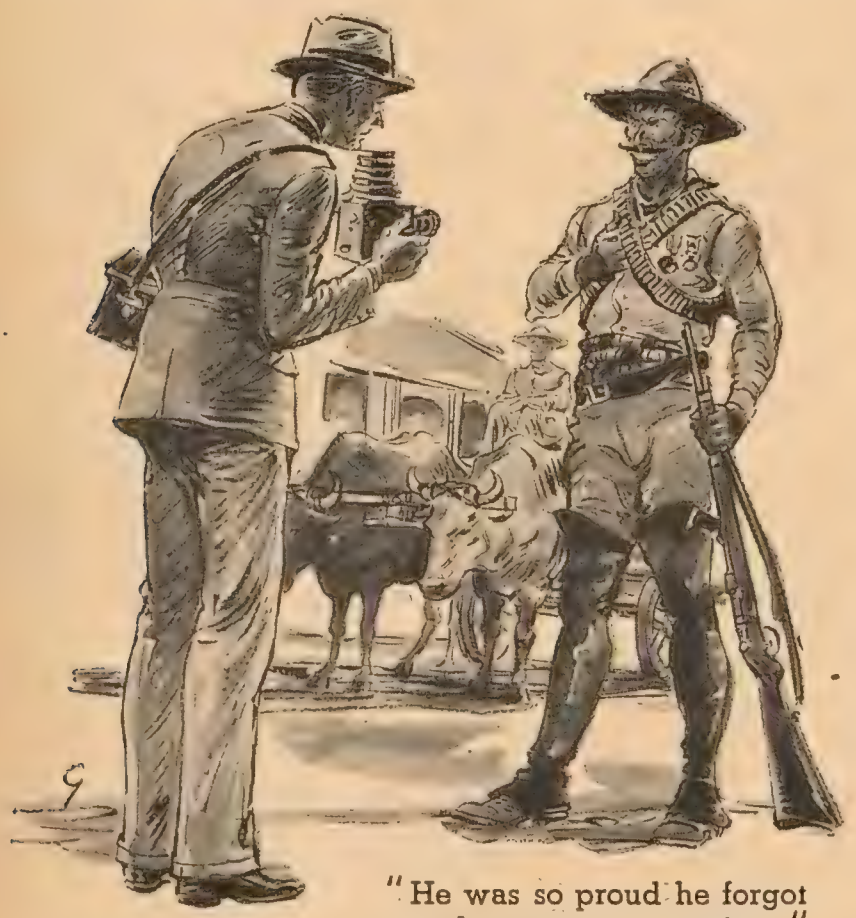
PART ONE—WHIZ-BANGS AND PEPPERED WINGS

IT was in Nicaragua in 1927. I was fighting for the Conservatives, or federals, against the Liberals headed by Moncada and Sandino. Lee Mason and I were the entire air force—the only pilots, that is.

I poured the gas to the old Swallow on the field at Managua. The ancient OXX motor rattled and knocked into life. The load was heavy; both cockpits were stacked with percussion bombs. There was one odd-shaped bomb which wouldn't fit in anywhere; I had it balanced in my lap. The least shock might explode the whole works.

The Swallow cleared the fence by inches. I held my breath as it skimmed over Francisco's farm at the far edge of the field. That hombre was the proud possessor of an old single-shot musket and you never could tell when he would decide to use it or for what.

Pingo! A bullet whined through the fabric of my left wing. Francisco was up to his old tricks. If he ever hit one of those bombs, it would be just too bad! I had talked to him about it before; when the raid was over I went to see him again. I said: "Francisco, you took another shot at me this morning. I thought you promised not to do that any more."



"He was so proud he forgot to ask any more questions."

"No, Major Brooks." There was a hurt look in the old man's eyes. "You wrong me. I did not shoot at you; you are my friend. But damn those airplanes! I not like them; I shoot at them every time."

"Francisco, I've told you a lot of times: *I ride* in that airplane. When you shoot at the plane you shoot at me."

"No, major! You make one beeg mistake; I nevair shoot at you. I only shoot at those damn airplanes. *Caramba!* I not like."

There wasn't much we could do about it. He was a rotten shot, anyway.

Lee Mason and I commanded the air force. You could spot us easily by our greasy khaki uniforms. All of our nonflying captains, lieutenants, and what nots were dressed up like Christmas trees.

Despite their flossy uniforms, this was a serious war; plenty of people were getting killed on both sides. The way we got into it was funny. It all started up in New Orleans, where I was running a flying school and Mason was my chief instructor. One morning I was sitting on the flying field beside an old plane. Business was terrible; I was doing exactly nothing. A car full of Central Americans drove up.

"How much for the airplane, señor?"

It was worth about a thousand bucks. "Four thousand dollars," I said.

"Excellent! We will buy it. Call at our hotel tonight and receive your money."

Half an hour later another automobile load of Nicaraguans hove in sight.

"What will you take for the airplane, señor?"

A plane is always for sale until you get some money for it. "Five thousand dollars," I raised the ante.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILL GRAVEN

by MAJOR WILLIAM C. BROOKS

as told to KENNETH BROWN COLLINGS

Something New in Aviation Thrillers!—

The Hilarious and Electrifying Confessions of

a Roving American Pilot Who Fought

Sandino from the Air

"The one thing that saved us was that they were excited."

Again the only hitch was the lack of cash; I was to go to another hotel that night and collect.

"And, señor," said one of the men. "Ah—that is—the opposition party; have they been here?"

I stalled. Who were this opposition party and where were they located? His answer was sweet music to my ears: *they were a third faction, staying at a third hotel.*

I said: "No; I haven't seen them." To myself I added: "But I sure will, brother; I sure will!" With all this competition I had visions of maybe boosting the price to six thousand.

By evening no one else had shown up, so I went to town early and called on this third outfit. The lobby of their hotel was a shambles. Outfit number two had just got into a gun fight with outfit number three. The agents of both parties were now in jail, in hospitals, or in hiding.

There went my chances for a fancy price, but there was still the original offer of four thousand. Only there wasn't; that deal was all off too. Outfit number one had the jitters and were going to lie low.

That was that. I went back to flying students. But before long there were two Nicaraguan consuls in New Orleans, one federal and the other rebel. Mason and I began to receive propositions. We were soon on the pay rolls, being paid for doing nothing except stand by.

There was a lot of deep secrecy. They didn't want us seen around the offices; we had to sneak in the back way to collect our pay. All that suited us swell, because I was a rebel and Mason was a federal—and we were rooming together.

The feds sent Mason to Bragmans Bluff, on the gulf coast of Nicaragua, to make a "timber survey." He had one old plane. The rebels raided the town and kicked hell out of it. The feds sent word to the rebel general—Emiliano Chamorro—that they wanted to surrender.

Chamorro's headquarters were back in the jungle. He sent word to the feds to dispatch their airplane to bring him to Bragmans Bluff to receive the surrender. If they didn't know better than to do it, Mason should have. Like a damn fool he went after Chamorro.

When he landed at rebel headquarters, Chamorro promptly burned the airplane. "Now," said he, "you're my prisoner. And you can't get back, anyway, because you have no airplane. How about going to work for me?"

Mason had already had a good look at the rebel jail. He said, "Yes." Now he was on my side, so it wasn't so bad after all.

In New Orleans I superintended the purchase of twelve hundred dollars' worth of aerial bombs for the rebels—and got the customary twenty per cent commission for doing it. Then I left for Central America.

My rebel friends gave me five hundred dollars and a steamer ticket to Puerto Cortés, Honduras. They warned me that Honduras was not friendly to our cause and was full of enemy spies. I was quite likely to be murdered before I ever set foot in Nicaragua. The rebels had an agent in Tegucigalpa who might give me further advice—if I got that far. The rest was up to me.

They handed me a newspaperman's passport, so I could pose as a press photographer. I had an old camera and a few films—and didn't know how to use them.

I LANDED at Puerto Cortés. I couldn't speak a word of Spanish, and that was all the Hondurans spoke. I rode to San Pedro Sula on the railroad—and ran smack into a nest of federal spies. A little man detached himself from a group and drifted up to me.

"Going far, señor?"

"Not very far."

"Are you"—his expression was not pleasant—"by any chance going to Nicaragua?"

"Not at all. I'm an American press photographer going to Tegucigalpa."

Then I took his picture for "all the big New York and Chicago papers." He was so proud he forgot to ask any more questions. He even told me how to get to Tegucigalpa. I was to ride on the railroad "to the end" and then hire a car or horses.

San Pedro Sula was depressing to a man in my shaky position. I was sure glad to leave. All the police patrols, the only ambulance, and a lot of delivery wagons were hearses; there were hearses everywhere you looked.

I couldn't make any one on the train understand me. Every time it stopped I had to get out and look ahead to see if there was any more track in front. That was the

only way I could tell when I reached the end of the line.

The rebel agent in Tegucigalpa told me that our side held Managua, a little strip of country, now and then—and that was about all. I would have to cross Honduras to Amapala, on the west coast. From there I should be able to get a boat for Corinto, but I had to watch my step; Corinto was enemy territory.

Somewhere on the way to Amapala I mislaid my passport. (I afterward found it stowed inside my camera.) On my arrival an official was going to throw me into jail; but I took his picture for the New York papers and promised him the front page. That softened him up a little. After all, there was no hurry; perhaps tomorrow he would lock me up, surely the day after.

The next day a bunch of American destroyers steamed into port on a friendly but unexpected visit.

"Why do you suppose the battleships are here?" asked the official who was going to jug me.

"Because I sent for them. I told them you were making trouble about my passport. Now maybe you'll believe that I'm an important man in the States!"

I sure was an important man in Amapala after that; he treated me like visiting royalty until I left. I caught a ship for La Union, Salvador, and from there I got another to Corinto.

In Managua I met Mason and found out that I was no longer a rebel. The war was still going on—furiously—and I was still on the same side, but the titles had changed. The Adolfo Diaz Conservative faction—which was ours—had been recognized. That made us the federals and Moncada and his Liberals the rebels.

Mason had already fought one battle over near Bluefields. He found out that Nicaraguan wars are not exactly pink teas—at least while a battle is on; but it's a funny combination.

The fight at Bluefields was bloody; a lot of men were killed. The enemy sent word that they wanted to surrender, but no one knew whether it was a trick or not. Mason, who never had a nerve in his fool body, jumped in his plane and landed behind the enemy lines—in the center of five thousand armed men—to find out.

He calmly said to the general: "If you really want to surrender, fly back with me and get it over with."

The general did, and that ended the battle. Then both sides had dinner together. Later on, while I was fighting them almost daily, I was to eat dinner at the same banquet table with both Moncada and Sandino.

We were paid a salary as "flying instructors." In case of battles we were to get a bonus. The amounts of these bonuses were not fixed; it all depended on how important the battle was.

At the flying field on the outskirts of Managua we had two OXX-6 Swallows and a Hispano-Suiza job of the same make. They were old and decrepit. One had been used for air-taxi work in San Francisco.

WE organized an air service. The first thing we did was have ourselves appointed to the rank of "major" because it was distinctive. There were generals in the Nicaraguan army—the place was alive with generals—and lieutenants, with a few captains in between; but there were no majors. In Spanish the word "major" seemed to be sort of equivalent to "big shot."

We had a captain to command our personal bodyguard—sixty men without a job in life except to keep us from getting our throats cut on the streets. President Adolfo Diaz himself had recently been attacked in his carriage; he had escaped by the skin of his teeth.

His guards got the President away, but the mob cut off his coachman's tongue and his fingers. Seeing that he could now neither speak nor write, he wouldn't be able to tell who did it.

After that Adolfo Diaz lived on the second floor of his palace and had a food taster. Two hundred troops were quartered on the ground floor, and the building was enclosed in a fortified area known as the Campo del Marto. You had to pass eight sets of guards to get into that fort, and it was the only place we were ever sure was ours.

I lived in a second-floor corner room in Lipony's Hotel. Directly across both streets were Liberal, or rebel, political clubs. They were running full blast almost in the shadow of the palace. I couldn't understand at first why Diaz didn't pop those babies into jail. I learned it wasn't the Nicaraguan custom.

Sixteen willing but dumb mechanics, a bunch of flying cadets, and a few lieutenants to do whatever odd jobs we handed them, completed the setup of the air force.

Except for our "fans," that is, and the field was alive with them. They were sons of good Managua families who had been bitten by the flying bug. They hung around twenty-four hours a day; we couldn't get rid of them.

At first they killed time by practicing with pistols and rifles. Then somebody discovered that it was lots more fun to experiment with aerial bombs—and our troubles began. Joyously the boys set up shop in the back of the hangar. They concocted trick high-explosive bombs by the hundred. We expected the whole place to go up in smoke any minute. And that wasn't the worst: every time they invented a new bomb, we had to lug it over and drop it on the enemy. If we'd ever refused they'd have been mortally insulted; they'd probably have used their influence to get us fired. Between Francisco's musket and our fans' experiments, the battle front was a lot safer than our flying field.

I did a lot of scouting, but my first big battle broke at Chinandega, on the railroad between Managua and the coast. Some American residents of Managua went down to Corinto to welcome a visiting ship. While they were there the rebels seized Chinandega. The Americans were stranded. So was our government; we couldn't get out to the coast. Something had to be done.

MASON and I took off about noon to reconnoiter the situation. My old motor wasn't turning up well and wouldn't haul much of a load. On my first trip I carried no bombs. I had a camera and a box of extra films, my pistol and a few rounds of ammunition; that was all.

I climbed out of the valley, got as high as the old crate would stagger to cross the mountains, approached Chinandega, and looked for our army and the rebels.

I couldn't see a moving thing anywhere. Several blocks of the city were burning and smoke was rising almost a mile in the air. Then I spotted our troops along the railroad; but I still didn't see the enemy.

It was my first real look at a Nicaraguan battle, and I guess I was pretty dumb. I cut the gun and glided lower; I came down to about five hundred feet. Suddenly machine guns tore loose at me from a rooftop—three of them. I kicked the rudder violently, just in time. A neat group of holes opened in my right wing tip. Those gunners sure knew how to shoot.

I was in one tight spot and the old Swallow was deathly slow on the climb. I looked down and saw the box of camera films; it gave me an idea.

I banked over hard, headed straight for that nest of machine guns, and heaved the box overboard. The guns shut up as though the earth had opened and swallowed them. The gunners thought the box was a time bomb; they were waiting for the delayed explosion. They waited long enough for me to high-tail out of there.

That night Mason counted eleven holes in his ship. There were fifteen in mine.

"The trouble," said Mason, "is that we came down too low. General Billy Mitchell says that if you stay above two thousand feet neither rifle nor machine-gun fire from the ground can hit you." I made a mental note of that. I should have remembered that Mason was something of a practical joker.

Next morning the battle was still raging. Ralph Weller, the newspaper correspondent, came out to the field. "How goes the battle?" he asked.

"It's all over," said Mason, with a wink at me. "Brooks and I are just going over to check on the damage that was done."

"In that case I'd like to ride along," said Weller.

"Sure," Mason grinned. "Climb right in."

I kept a straight face until after they took off. Weller didn't know it yet, but he sure was going to get a first-hand story to tell his public today.

My cockpit was full of the fans' trick bombs. They were made out of old oil cans. Each contained three sticks of dynamite and an assorted lot of bolts, nuts, and

hunks of scrap iron. A fuse hung from the neck of each one.

When you were ready to drop them, you first had to light a cigarette. After that the procedure was simple. You touched the end of the fuse to the fire on the cigarette, tossed the bomb over the side, and hoped for the worst. We had no bomb sights and hits were a matter of luck. I had a pretty good hunch that the enemy were a lot safer than the aviators.

After dropping a bomb on Chinandega I went back to Philadelphia. There weren't any troops there, but I had orders. The bombs made a swell display, but that was about all. It was the dry season and each bomb kicked up a cloud of dust.

I was just wasting good ammunition. I called it off, orders or no orders, and went back to Chinandega. There, by this time, they were fighting hammer and tongs. I tried to dope out a way to help our side.

A sniper's bullet went through the leading edge of my wing just back of the propeller. I figured out where the sharpshooters were hidden and tossed a bomb at them. The traffic jam which followed that explosion was probably the worst ever known in Chinandega.

Soldiers of the Adolfo Diaz faction, for which Major Brooks flew and fought, guard the governor's palace at Bluefields, Nicaragua

Some one must have told those people that the place to meet a bomb raid was on the street. Soldiers swarmed out of the houses and up the streets to the square, then back again. They all ran except the ones I was interested in—the sharpshooters—who kept right on plugging. A bullet went through the fuselage again. When another punctured one of my gas tanks I thought it was about time to go home. With that leaking tank I figured I'd better head for Corinto, only about twelve miles away.

Off to the side I saw Lee Mason flying in the same direction. There was something that bulged up behind his top wing. I pulled over closer to see what it was.

Lee was grinning from ear to ear. He pointed up front. The bulge was Ralph Weller standing up in the front cockpit, both arms stretched above his head.

Mason also had a punctured tank—pierced in two places. He could still fly on the other tank, but I guess Weller didn't know that. Like the little Dutch hero that blocked the dike, Ralph held two fingers to the two holes. He had to fight the propeller blast and a steady stream of gasoline drenched him. And gasoline on tender skin stings, especially in hot climates.

THEN I saw why Lee was laughing. Weller wasn't doing a bit of good. He was trying to block the holes in the *fabric*. He either didn't know that the tank was way inside, or he couldn't reach it.

Ralph was a good sport and laughed about it afterward. "But this Mason," he said, "has a damn peculiar sense of humor just the same."

Corinto was full of troops in assorted uniforms. Some didn't have shoes. A few had shirts or jackets, but many were bare from the waist up. One had on a moth-eaten dress suit. They all had rifles.

If we couldn't chase the rebels out of Chinandega by air, we thought we would have a try on the ground. We had full authority to do this; part of our bargain with the President was that we were subordinate to the commander in chief only. When he was absent our authority was complete, even to commanding ground troops.

We routed out the railroad officials and commandeered two flatcars and an engine. We built breastworks of sandbags around the flatcars to protect our troops. The engine was to push the cars up into the heart of Chinandega in a surprise attack. It might turn the tide.

Everybody was all worked up about the idea—except the engineer; for some reason he wasn't so enthusiastic. I went up to talk to him. He was gone. So were the soldiers. Everybody was gone but the aviators! The soldiers were heading for the water front on a dead run. Some were piling into rowboats and pulling for the American ship. From the speed they were making, it looked like they had important business.

They did. Hotfoot down the tracks came a bunch of enemy cavalry. Our soldiers had seen them but hadn't bothered to tell us. I couldn't blame them much.

Lee Mason had scattered bulletins all over Nicaragua in an effort to scare the enemy. There was no hiding from an airplane, said the handbills; flying develops the eyesight; aviators have eyes like eagles; and two aviators totaled four eagle eyes between them. With all that equipment, if we couldn't see two hundred horses coming at a dead gallop, it was just too bad.

WE lit out for our planes. Luckily they started instantly. But we didn't have much gas. We had to take off right over the heads of the enemy, and by this time they were swarming on the field. Every one of those hombres was breaking his neck to be the first to get at us; they all had a single thought: they wanted to bag an aviator and retire for life.

That was another result of those handbills. Moncada had retaliated by offering a prize of ten thousand dollars for any aviator, dead or alive.

We gave the old crocks the gun and took off. The enemy tore loose at us with everything they had. They hit my plane a dozen times and shot one of Mason's struts almost out of the ship; it hung in splinters. The one thing that saved us from sure death was that they were excited. If they had stopped to dismount and take a better aim, it would have been good night.

Back in Managua, our mechanics went to work on our gas tanks in typical Central American fashion. They poured gas in the tank, spotted one hole only—although there might be several—and removed the tank. They repaired the hole, put the tank back, and then looked for another hole. Removing and installing a gas tank is a lot of work. But I never could get the boys to change the system; they went through the whole performance just as many times as there were holes in the tank.

José Salorzano Diaz, the commander in chief, was practicing with his pistol when we returned. He was the finest revolver shot I have ever seen. His skill was uncanny. That man could drive a nail with bullets from his pistol just as far away as he could see the nailhead.

"Those peegs!" said the commander, when we reported that the rebels still held Chinandega. "I, José Salorzano Diaz, will show them. Start up the other airplane."

Solemnly he climbed into its front cockpit, carrying only his pearl-handled pistol. I took him over Chinandega, flying so high that he couldn't get hurt. He waved at me to cut the gun; I held the ship in a semistall.

Then the commander in chief of the army struck a personal blow at the enemies of his country. He popped off six shots from his pistol—at enemies that were so far below that you couldn't even see them. He might just as well have blown beans at the moon.

"There," he said, when we landed. "I feel better." That night he was the toast of Managua. Everybody was so busy applauding him that they wouldn't listen to something I had to tell them—and it was important.

While he had been popping I had noticed a spot of white off toward Philadelphia. It was a white flag. At least a part of the enemy was ready to surrender. That informa-

tion should have been followed up that night, but it wasn't. Next morning the enemy had changed their minds; the battle started all over again.

After three days of the battle I turned in for some heavy sleeping. I was awakened along toward midnight. Pistols and rifles were going off right across the street from my hotel room. I thought the rebels were raiding the town, which would mean my neck. Damn that ten-thousand-dollar reward, anyway!

I took my own pistols and barricaded myself behind my trunk and a wardrobe, prepared to sell my life as dearly as possible. I hid there for four hours while the firing kept up. Then Weller breezed in—I almost shot him before I recognized him—and told me it was only a celebration. The rebel political clubs across the street were celebrating the victory of Chinandega.

We had quite an army—including six generals—over the mountains toward Matagalpa, but nobody knew how many enemy troops there were. I went scouting to try to find out.

Just across the mountains I spotted some of them. At that instant my motor started to spit and smoke. (I found out later that one of the mechs had left a rag lying on the carburetor; it had been sucked into the intake.) For a few minutes it was touch and go whether or not I would have to land in the enemy camp. The old OXX belched along just over the treetops. Any of those rebels below could have plugged me. They didn't; not one of them shot at me.

That was the Nicaraguan sense of honor. This wasn't any battle, and they could see I was in trouble; they wouldn't take advantage of it even for ten thousand dollars!

I limped through the passes and just made it home. As soon as the carburetor was cleaned out I went back.

THE mechanics had hurried the job. In Nicaragua that's generally bad news. It was. The battle had just started, but before I could get a decent look at it my motor conked out again. This time I was over our own lines and landed near our headquarters.

I got a royal reception. All six of our generals talked at once. Each insisted that I had come to take him home; the President had sent for him personally.

José Salorzano Diaz decided that the time had come to end the revolution. He was going to print bales of handbills; we were to drop them. They would offer a bonus of twenty dollars to every rebel who turned in a rifle, a hundred and fifty dollars for a machine gun.

I asked him to put in a few words telling the rebels that if they insisted on shooting at airplanes their own bullets might fall back on their heads—for all that goes up must come down. Also that if they aggravated the aviators too much they would regret it. So far, the airplanes had dropped no poison gas. But we *had* a gas—a terrible gas. If we were forced to use it, the results would be too horrible to put into words.

It was an awful bluff, but Diaz printed it. I loaded a couple of bushels of handbills and about fifty pounds of buckshot aboard my plane and took off.

I found some enemy cavalry and heaved out a flock of bills. I shoved off long enough for them to read them, and then came back to find out what the results would be. They were terrible; about a dozen machine guns and rifles opened up on me all at once. I dived at the guns and ladled out buckshot with one hand.

It rained all over the place and stampeded the enemy's horses. They thought it *was* their own bullets falling back on them. After that they never fired on us as long as we managed to stay directly overhead. If they caught us off at an angle, they opened up.

A few rebels turned in their guns for the reward, but the fighting kept right on. A big battle was imminent in the north; both sides were busy recruiting. The usual method was to send a party into the hills and seize a bunch of Indian mozos. The fact that they didn't want to be soldiers had nothing to do with it. Some one gave each recruit a rifle and he was in the army.

Some deserted; but a lot took to soldiering; they liked it. Many mozos were natural-born marksmen; they soon handled their rifles like veterans. I doubt if many knew what the fighting was all about, or cared.

WE were summoned north to Jinotega. The rebel army was entrenched on the top of a hill six miles beyond the town. Their position was ideal; both sides of the hill were sloping and bare. Our side held the town.

Mason and I flew over the enemy positions. There were clouds right on the hilltop and we couldn't see a thing. We went back to Jinotega and landed.

There was a big reception in our honor. The bands played and flags waved. The celebration lasted all day and far into the night. There was dinner—with twenty kinds of wine; supper—with more wine; and late at night there was a banquet—with champagne.

About one o'clock in the morning we decided it didn't make any difference how many men the enemy had; we could lick 'em anyway. We only had about three hundred and fifty men ourselves; but nobody cared until daylight, when we attacked—and found out that they were twelve hundred strong.

About noon Mason and I started out to do some bombing and try to help our troops, who were having a tough time. He got off the ground with his load, but I sucked up a block of wood and broke my propeller. I would have to stay on the ground until I got another.

And that made me commander in chief of the battle. Salorzano Diaz wasn't there, and by the terms of our fool bargain I was senior to everybody else in the army when I was on the ground. The population of Jinotega rejoiced. I prayed that I would sprout some wings.

Commander in chief in spite of himself, and with his grand army outnumbered four to one! Was that battle to be a Nicaraguan Austerlitz or a Waterloo? Well, thanks to a white mule, Major Brooks lives to tell of it—as he will explain next week. He'll tell also of ammonia doing duty as poison gas, of a "fan" bomb like a six-foot Roman candle, of a monkey that got drunk—and of a forced landing made in the teeth of the infuriated enemy!

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—Born a king, the thirteenth of his name, he fled his native land in 1931, and thus did not witness recurrent bloodshed. He quit a country forty-five per cent illiterate, renowned for sherry, and rich in minerals. The early photo herewith is of what ex-monarch who did not formally abdicate?

2—By what other name is Emmanuel Goldenberg known?

3—What bird sat "on the pallid bust of Pallas"?

4—For what was Eugene O'Neill first awarded a Pulitzer prize?

5—What bird has "horns"? What snake?

6—Do tough steaks come from energetic or lazy cattle?

7—How many working women (excluding housewives) are married?

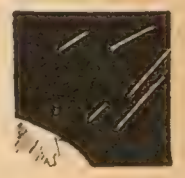
8—What knighted Canadian politician wrote The Right of Way?

9—Of these foods, which is considered richest in calcium: cream, clams, meat, or spinach?

10—Who in the Bible said new wine would make virgins flourish?

11—How many times has Peggy Hopkins Joyce been married?

12—What words, similar in sound, mean a book, a vault?



13—What bodies moving through space owe their light to friction?

14—What was Frédéric Auguste Bartholdi's most famous work?

15—Which are older, the Laurentians or the Rockies?

16—Why are women frequently less sensitive to cold than men?

17—If a rug 8 by 12 sells for $56, how much should one 4 by 6 cost?

18—Who invented dynamite?

19—When did rubber get its name?

20—Which nineteenth-century novelist promoted Christmas spirit?

(Answers will be found on page 39)

A School for Political *Scandal*

A Noted Novelist Speaks Up About Our Voting Ways —Why Not, He Asks, a West Point for Officeholders?

by

T. S. STRIBLING

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

SOME months ago the writer made a survey of politics and politicians in a number of states in order to obtain material to write a political novel. Out of these findings he developed a theory of why politics in our American states are universally corrupt, and a possible solution for this national weakness.

Before entering into this theory it might be well to parade a number of concrete examples of simply stupid and of definitely criminal political conduct.

In one of the upper Southern states, a dentist became allergic to the anesthetic he used in his professional work. He decided, during his enforced vacation, to run for the state legislature. He knew nothing about finance, or the management of millions of dollars of state taxes; he knew nothing of the theory of taxation, or of the interlocking federal and state funds. But none of his opponents knew anything of these matters either. He was elected, and his only qualification for the office was that he had become allergic to novocain.

In this same state a soldier returned from the World War with a German police dog which had distinguished itself upon the field of battle on the American side. The soldier ran for Congress and took his dog about with him on his campaign. Nobody thought he had the least chance against the seasoned congressman from his district. But the dog somehow caught the fancy of the voters and the returned soldier was elected to Congress.

A young man could not pass the state bar examination and practice law. Since he was not allowed to attend to the legal affairs of any one client, he ran for Congress, where he would be in a position to assist in running the legal affairs of the nation. He was elected.

A district in a state in the deep South sent to Congress a man who was placed on the Committee for the Disposal of Waste Paper. The floor leader of his party never allowed him to arise and address the House. In order to get one of his speeches printed in the Congressional Record, this man had to give it to a colleague and persuade him to enter it into the Record as an extension of the colleague's remarks. The waste-paper congressman then took his speech, never delivered, and franked it back to his constituents as proof of his power and eloquence on the floor of the House.

So much for the simple unselectiveness of the American electorate.

The state constitution of a certain South Atlantic state is full of petty municipal regulations applicable only to particular towns. They were placed in the state constitution because it takes several years to change it; therefore a municipal regulation in it was not subject to the stupid or sinister tampering of the state legislature which the municipalities distrust.

The ironic point is, the municipalities elect to the legislature the very men whom they dare not trust with their most commonplace everyday business.

That this fear is not entirely groundless the following example will prove:

In a city in the very deep South a certain power company desired an extension of its franchise. The mayor, who could obtain much cheaper power from another source, would not extend the franchise. The power company made several efforts to defeat him but the citizens persistently re-elected him. The power company then persuaded the legislator from that district to get it made a state law that in the coming municipal election any person whosoever could vote, whether or not he was even a citizen of the United States. On election day the power company imported enough men to defeat the mayor. The astounding law was then repealed, and the franchise was extended for ninety-nine years.

Municipal political machines behind municipal elections are the festering points in American political life. They control city politics, dominate state politics, and affect national politics. A municipal political machine is the entire body of men working for a city who vote collectively under the direction of a political boss. No man is employed for the city by the boss unless that man can swing five votes besides his own. For example, Memphis, Tennessee, employs about five thousand men; the political machine in that city would therefore cast about twenty-five thousand certain votes.

Comparatively few ordinary citizens vote in municipal elections, partly because the ordinary citizen feels there is little use voting against the machine.

The workers for a city voting under a political boss's direction are a municipal machine.

It is from these machines' ward clubhouses that the actual practicing American politician arises. There American politicians are taught how to win elections. There they study the technical devices of how to be affable and cause citizens outside the machine to vote for its candidate; how to distribute trivial municipal favors to gather votes; how, in the more bitter political elections, to vote one man several times, or to vote dead men—and so on down to strong-arm tactics to keep opposition voters away from the polls.

The writer spent one whole day in a major city in the deep South reading the affidavits of hundreds and hundreds of qualified voters who were prevented from voting in a United States senatorial race because the governor of the state had sent down word that a certain United States senator must be re-elected.

The objective of the professional politician's life is to be elected to office and stay there. The one loyalty of his life is to the party that elected him and to the machine that moves it. What will be his public policies in office is either a matter arranged by others before his election, or one which arises before him fire-new and unexplored after his election.

It is a rule of the United States Senate that no senator may speak from the floor during the first year of his incumbency. For one year he is not supposed to know enough to be able to address his fellow members.

Every American senator and congressman collects forty cents a mile from the United States treasury for traveling between their homes and Washington, when airplane and railway fare is less than five cents a mile. They are all granted a stationery allowance from the government, and any unused portion of it they collect in cash. If every employee of every private American company were checked up on, it is improbable that more than twenty-five per cent of them would be found knowingly to pad their expense accounts.

A lawyer, a doctor, an engineer, a West Pointer, an Annapolis man is educated in a technique for doing efficient work. The education of these men is never centered upon tricks, upon how to get a job. In short, the education of the politician leaves off at precisely the point where their education begins. He is trained in how to get his job; they are trained in how to serve after they get jobs.

The politician really receives a militaristic training. He must distribute patronage and reward the hangers-on of his camp. The doctor, for example, feels no pressure to rob his patients to recompense the professors in the medical school.

That is precisely the position, however, in which the politician continually finds himself; and one of the major political forces brought to bear on him is exactly this paying off of his camp followers.

THEREFORE the psychological background of any politician is as militaristic as was the background of William the Conqueror who divided England among his Norman followers, or the carpetbaggers in '65 who spoiled the South among their henchmen. The English people had no rights, the Southern people had no rights, under those regimes; and today the American people have no real rights when captured by either of the major political parties, and the petty peculations of congressmen are a vestigial relic of the divine right of the conqueror and of kings. Nepotism, particularly, stems from the ancient creation of a nobility to rule the conquered—a politician rewarding his noble followers.

The result of an election preserves the ancient motivation of a battle. The minority are captured by the majority and are used by the majority without ethical consideration. Hence graft and peculation are entrenched in that feeling of righteousness which is evolved in the course of a long historical development. No politician could possibly feel a qualm on the point.

This ancient militaristic motif in politics also explains why both the recent Presidential conventions were more nearly akin to Indian war dances than to deliberative councils. And this in a time when America stands in sorest need of political wisdom, when she stands involved in domestic weakness and foreign uncertainty!

But the deeply ironic, the tragic fact about the American political setup is the sort of uneducated, unethical, militaristic man the politician is, contrasted with the power that he wields. These popularly elected rulers make our laws, decide upon the educational qualifications of all other men in all other professions. They determine how much education is necessary for a lawyer, a doctor, a veterinarian before he is allowed to practice. Politicians decree certain public examinations for the candidates for these professions, and issue licenses. But the politician who oversees this multifarious examining and licensing—he himself goes to no school, takes no examination, receives no license; his solitary qualification for office is, can he get elected? And yet the actual knowledge which would be required to make a successful political leader naturally exceeds that for any other profession as the container exceeds in scope the things contained. In theory, no citizen should know more than he; in practice, few know less.

The complete setting aside of both the upper and the lower houses of Congress and the substitution for them of college professors during the first days of the New Deal is a droll case in point.

The American government has succeeded admirably in educating men for both arms of its military service. Today the name "West Pointer" or "Annapolis man" is just as completely a guaranty that its bearer is a man of honor, intelligence, and social loyalty as the name "politician" is the reverse.

Yet the soldier and the politician are brothers who came out of the same American family. In their early stages each could have been substituted for the other and the result would have been the same, the soldier honorable, the politician questionable. It is purely a difference of training; one was trained in chicane, one in genuine efficiency.

EVERY great university today has its school of politics. Its graduates are men of national and international vision. But there is no necessary connection between those graduates and the men whom the political machines elect to office. It is as if America, possessing great medical schools, allowed any ditch digger to roll pills.

Indeed, it is more tragic, because the doctor attends us only when we are sick, but the politician supervises us every moment of our existence. He has control of our health, our property, our money, and our lives. It is he who decides when a man shall cross a street on a green light and when he shall be drafted in a foreign war; how much of a man's income the man himself may spend and how much the government will spend. He is ubiquitous and absolute, but for holding this exalted position he is required to undergo no mental or moral training whatsoever. In fact, the very notion of a politician receiving a moral training would provoke a nation-wide smile.

The antidote is simple. America should establish a school to correct this political scandal, and graduation from a political college should be a legally required preparation for a political career.

The change could be made without harm to any one. An analogous change was made in Tennessee from unlicensed to licensed physicians. A date was set when all new doctors had to be graduates of a medical school and pass the state medical examination. All the old unlicensed doctors were simply given licenses to continue their practice. In a like manner politicians now holding office could be given licenses to continue in their work. They would suffer no injustice.

By the logic of practice and experience, the states should appoint political cadets to the state political colleges. They should be appointed upon precisely the same basis as military cadets—that is, upon a competitive test of the candidates' intelligence, character, and physique. This would insure that the future American politician would be selected from the best human material, not from the worst; that he would be trained in the conduct of social affairs, not in simple chicane; and, finally, that he would receive his training not in a slippery district clubhouse but in that code of social conduct and responsibility which forms the moral atmosphere of every great American university.

THE END

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

A Very Nice Family

by WILL F. JENKINS

READING TIME
5 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THIS is a very commonplace story about a very nice family. There are ten thousand families in some fashion like the Di Santoses. They play the Italian lottery regularly once a week, eat spaghetti *a pieta* on Fridays, chicken *a cacciatore* on Saturday nights, and live generally according to their lights. Not all the heads of those families work in barbershops, as Joe Di Santos does, nor do they all have plump and bustling Carmelas for wives, like Joe. On the other hand, most of them have from one to a dozen bambinos of divers ages to be scolded, petted, spanked, and finally sent proudly to first communion. And Joe hasn't. Instead he has a little sister-in-law. But his is a very nice family just the same.

It is a rule in his family that a quarter, every week, is to be played in the Italian *lotteria* for Rosinella. She is ten, with quaint old-ladyish ways, and Joe's wife would not consent to marry him until she had made stipulations on Rosinella's behalf. Rosinella, you see, cannot walk. Joe has the word of a very great doctor that nothing whatever can be done about it. But Joe's wife doesn't know that, or Rosinella either. If they were both unhappy Joe would be miserable. So he lied, beaming, after the great doctor had told him news at which—in the great doctor's office—he frankly blubbered. He likes Rosinella.

When he wins in the *lotteria*, Rosinella is to go to the hospital and come out of it skipping rope. That is the family tradition. Skipping rope! Joe began making up the story to cheer his family. It has done so. So Joe perjures his immortal soul regularly that Carmela and Rosinella may look forward to the impossible.

But last week something happened. Rosinella dreamed a dream. She dreamed of the fiesta of San' Rocco. You know those fiestas. Elaborate electric-lighted decorations in the streets, and *torrone* and ice cream for sale in the celebrating city block, and men and women and swarms of children perspiring happily everywhere. But in Rosinella's dream it inexplicably took place in the open country. So Joe played it in the *lotteria*. According to S'Morffia, the dream book, to dream of a fiesta means that 20 will win in the *lotteria*, and a crowd is 20, and the fiesta taking place in the country — *a compagna* — makes the last number 9. And of course the *compagna* aspect made it impossible to play any other station than Napoli. It is quite reasonable, you see. You dream of the fiesta of San' Rocco in the country, so you bet a quarter that the tax disbursements in the province of Naples for the past week will show in their totals the numbers 20, 90, and 9. If you win you collect six hundred dollars.

Joe put down his quarter on those numbers on Friday and peacefully went about his business.

On Saturday afternoon a friend opened up a tabloid newspaper which obligingly prints the data for the lottery and number rackets it editorially castigates. The numbers were 20, 90, and 9.

The barbershop became a sort of miniature fiesta. For twenty minutes Joe beamed and accepted congratulations on every side. Six hundred dollars! A fortune!

He arrived at home. He opened the door. Carmela turned and regarded him with pleased surprise. Little Rosinella, sitting in her chair with a quaint old-ladyish air, opened her

black eyes and ceased to be old-ladyish. She gave him a wide adoring welcoming grin. And suddenly Joe realized.

He went sick—sick all over. Because when Carmela and Rosinella found out about the *lotteria* they would expect Rosinella to go to the hospital and come out of it skipping rope. And she couldn't. Not ever. The hope was a lie of Joe's contriving —because his is a very nice family.

HAVING realized, Joe could not tell them. There was sweat on his forehead and he was very pale. His knees felt weak. He stammered that he did not feel well. He dreaded horribly the knock on the door which would be the *lotteria* man coming to pay six hundred dollars.

But the man did not come. Eight o'clock. Nine o'clock. Ten. Rosinella was put to bed, her face doleful because Joe was not well. Carmela went out, worried, to ask a wise neighbor what to do for her man, or should she call a doctor? The wise neighbor was a levatrice and of course knew all about sickness.

And it was just ten minutes later that the *lotteria* man did come. Joe tipped him and swore him to secrecy. He had to explain his need for silence, because to tell of winnings is good business for a *lotteria* man. But the *lotteria* man understood when Joe explained about Rosinella and the skipping rope. He promised not to tell. He went out quickly, before Carmela could come back. And Joe hid the money hastily—and he was not sick any longer.

When Carmela came back he was up and cheerful and hungry, which was to Carmela proof of the efficacy of certain charms the levatrice had said for her. He embraced Carmela with enthusiasm. They even brought out little Rosinella—roused by the fuss Joe had made—and they had a second supper.

Joe ate hugely, with Rosinella's eyes fixed oddly upon him. At the end he sat her on his knee and made faces until she was forced to laugh, and he filled a glass with red wine for her, and another for Carmela.

"It is like a fiesta," said Rosinella. She held out her little glass of wine and said soberly, "*A salut!*"

And Joe hugged her. He likes Rosinella. She takes the place of the bambinos he and Carmela must not have because of her.

"DRINK the wine," he commanded. "An' go to sleep an' dream. A good dream! An' we play it in the *lotteria* an' grow rich an' you go to the hospital an' come out skipping rope!"

The last was a jovial shout. And Joe thought that the sudden tears in Rosinella's eyes were due to his recovery from the sickness with which he had come home. So did Carmela.

He did not know that Rosinella was not asleep when the *lotteria* man came, and that she had heard all his explanation of why the winning of six hundred dollars must remain a secret. But he knows vaguely that Rosinella realizes that he loves her quite as much as the bambinos he and Carmela must not have.

When he comes home she greets him with a wide adoring welcoming grin, and by her quaint old-ladyish air she hides what she knows. It is a secret she somehow knows she must not tell.

But she is only ten, so she does not connect the *lotteria* winning with the surprising increase in the amount of tips that Joe brings home. Joe is dribbling out, for everybody's happiness, money that in a lump sum would have brought despair. Rosinella does not even understand that there are ten thousand families in some fashion like the Di Santoses. All she actually realizes—and that with a comfortable vagueness—is that hers is a very nice family.

It is. And this is a very commonplace story, too.

THE END

AMERICA WAS LIKE

SOME played Handies, others Knock-Knocks. Scientist Albert Einstein took out citizenship papers. Democrat Eleanor Roosevelt and Republican Alice Roosevelt Longworth became newspaper columnists. Hypnotism cured a bridegroom of an infatuation for a woman not his bride. Music went 'round and around. — And Sudden Death sold 3,500,000 copies.

Thousands visited a "singing grave" in Cleveland, Ohio. Shirley Temple made Who's Who. The Quintuplets made the Encyclopædia Britannica. J. Edgar Hoover came out for G-men dolls for Christmas. Suffolk School of Law, Boston, made Rudy Vallee a Master of Arts. Zioncheck happened.

New York entertained Spanish royalty, and Spanish royalty entertained New York. A dog was tried for murder. Tourists took to trailers. Dallas, Texas, had a fair. So did Fort Worth. Everybody talked about taking the profits out of war, but Mussolini was the only one who did anything about it. He took his out of Ethiopia.

Nellie Granger, hostess on airship Sun Racer, dragged herself, bruised and bloodstained, through miles of pitch-black mountain country to report loss of ship, both pilots, and nine passengers; then insisted on going back to nurse survivors. For her heroism, she was made hostess on her company's crack ship, Sky Chief.

Seer "Gypsy Lee" Perota—no relation to Gypsy Rose Lee — announced: "Fortunetelling is not going to escape modernization. It will undergo a streamlining process." No mention was made of air conditioning. Irving Weinstein, disabled veteran, refused to apply for his bonus because he was afraid of high-power salesmen. Many heard about silicosis; some knew what it meant. Mr. Morgan, as usual, made a good witness. Roxy died. So did Bruno Richard Hauptmann.

Henry Ford saw two men trying to crank one of his old Model Ts. "Get a horse!" he cried. Louise Madeline (once) Pittman (now) Garner of Atlanta, Georgia, found she had been saying "mother" to the wrong woman for seventeen years. Some one invented a "handy tear-gas machine" which can be operated by woman or child. Ivan Evans, Salt Lake City, after spraying his bed with gasoline to drive out bedbugs, lit a match to see how he was doing. Last seen, he was hunting for his eyebrows.

A twenty-one-year-old girl in halter and slacks, worshiping in Babylon, Long Island, aroused the Rev. James A. Smith's ire. "I don't propose to allow half-naked, unladylike morons to enter my church," he was quoted as saying. Hearing that a Negro named Frank Weems had been flogged to death in the Arkansas sharecroppers' strike, comely Miss Willie Sue Blagden motored from Memphis to attend the funeral, and got four clouts of a mule's belly strap on her back and thighs. Her story doubted, she made photographic history in Memphis by pulling up her skirts and showing the welts.

"Mr. Dooley" died at sixty-eight. Johnstown had another flood. Left-wing critics of "old men on the Supreme Court bench" got a jolt when they discovered that Louis D. Brandeis, eighty, most liberal of the justices, is also the oldest.

Uninspired by the Stork Derby, the quintupling Dionnes, Oliva and Elzire, after scoring five runs in one time at bat, anticlimaxed with a single, Joseph Robert Telesphore Dionne; but Mrs. Adeline Speichinger, Mendora, California, came through with sextuplets. Five were dead; but if Mrs. Speichinger's health had been good, the family doctor explained, all six might have lived. Nothing was said about Mr. Speichinger's health.

William J. Pringle, Jr., Altadena, California, paid $200 to Lloyd's for insurance against his wife having twins. On September 23 he cashed in to the extent of $5,000. Mrs. Emil Kasper of Passaic, New Jersey, gave birth to three boys and a girl. "That's big news," commented Father Kasper, and went back to work. An important insurance company reported alarm because American women were losing fertility.

In White Cottage, Ohio, twelve-year-old Clara Kathryn Van Horn saw two boys coasting downhill into the path of an approaching train. She threw herself under the sled, diverted its course, and saved their lives. "I was scared to death," she said. "I didn't think. I just did it." A drunk on a New York elevated station knocked from its mother's arms a twenty-seven-months-old baby. It fell on to the tracks. Henry Coletti, lowering himself from the window of a passing train, rescued the infant just as he was crawling toward the dangerous third rail. When the excitement died down, modest young Coletti had disappeared.

The all-time low in autograph hunting occurred when a nine-year-old boy approached Governor Lehman of New York, bent over, and asked the Governor to write his name on the seat of his pants. Voters who elected Romeo J. Lavallee to the New Hampshire Legislature woke up the morning after election to find that their hero had

THIS IN 1936

New in Liberty!—The Annual Review . . . A Swift Survey of Things, Big and Little, that Made a Crowded Year

by

FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

been missing five weeks. A man ninety-six years old took his seventeen-months-old son to the Democratic Convention. No wonder Roosevelt won!

Cardinal Pacelli, believed by many to be the next Pope, paid us a flying visit. A seventy-year-old professor of philosophy, George Santayana, wrote a best-selling novel. General "Billy" Mitchell, in charge of our air forces in France during the World War, died at fifty-six, with his pet project, a separate Air Department, still unrealized. Harry Richman took his ping-pong balls to Europe. Fred Perry took his tennis balls to the bank. The Chicago River reversed its flow and ran uphill. New York had a hearse strike. Yehudi Menuhin and Jackie Cooper retired temporarily to become men.

Ethel Barrymore signalized her fifty-seventh birthday by announcing her retirement from the stage. Morgan partner Edward T. Stotesbury celebrated his eighty-seventh by playing a snare drum and singing his favorite ditty, The Old Family Toothbrush that Hangs in the Sink.

Mary Astor went to court to get her daughter. Ann Harding went abroad to keep hers. Mrs. Ethel Devine of Cleveland, Ohio, rode to New York on a bicycle with her four-year-old son on the handle bars. New York Supreme Court allowed an eleven-year-old child $4,250 for one month's expenses. Her name was Gloria Vanderbilt. Parents of Charles "Mickey" Norman of West Paterson, New Jersey, gave him as a present on his fifth birthday permission to smoke cigars all day. Mickey has smoked since he was three.

Ten days before the first World Series game, Tony Albano—worshiper of Joseph Di Maggio, San Francisco crab fisherman and New York Yankee outfielder—equipped himself with office chair, army blanket, extra shirts and socks, and took up his position at the head of the line outside the Polo Grounds gate. Mr. Albano was unemployed and on home relief. During his long vigil, his seventh child, a boy, was born, but he refused to leave his prized place. "Not for fifty dollars!" he said.

The Census Bureau announced that we were living longer than we used to, but women were still living longer than men. The averages for 1936 were fifty-nine years for males, sixty-three for females. The figures at the turn of the century were forty-eight and fifty-one.

Harry Wheat, housekeeper, sued Helen Wheat, schoolteacher, in a Los Angeles court for separate maintenance. He said his wife criticized his cooking and refused to take him to places of amusement. John Drotar, incensed because he felt his wife was sticking her nose into his business, grabbed a razor and cut it off. Fred Woodhead was put under court order not to speak to his wife, even though living under the same roof. In office hours Woodhead is a municipal health officer in charge of dumb animals.

Al Capone, unpopular now even at Alcatraz, extracted a pair of scissors which a fellow convict had plunged into the fatty portion of his back, moaned, "Why don't these fellows like me?" Another Jean Valjean was arrested in Ohio. Governor let him go. Judge Crater was "found" the usual number of times. It was discovered that, according to statutes still on the books, a bull traveling through New York City streets at night must have a green light on each horn and a red light on his tail.

There were less than 9,000,000 folks without jobs in September, 1936. That's against almost 16,000,000 in March, 1933. New Dealers and Liberty Leaguers united in best wishes to F. D. R., Jr., and Ethel du Pont. Fulton Fish Market, Al Smith's alma mater, took a walk into the East River. Major General Hagood took a walk, too. But the President's mother agreed with forty-six of the forty-eight states. "Franklin has always been a good boy," she said. "I have always thought well of him."

A nudist colony in Long Valley, New Jersey, moved in between a Y. M. C. A. camp and the home of the local constable. The "Y" took no notice; if it did, it didn't tell; but Constable Will Searles staged a "peek them out

of existence" campaign which gathered considerable public support. One of the most violent protests against the nudist colony at the San Diego fair came from a Braille Club for the Blind.

Father Coughlin said in August, "If I can't deliver 9,000,000 votes to William Lemke, I'm through with radio forever." Lemke got 630,000 votes. Week later, Father Coughlin made a farewell speech to his radio audience.

Martha Vichnes, fifteen, took $400 of her father's bonus money and flew from New York to Hollywood in a vain attempt to see Clark Gable. Joe Dugan of Trenton, New Jersey, ran up a bill of $20.35 talking on a friend's phone to Jean Harlow in Hollywood. Sterling Powell, sixteen, threatened the life of Shirley Temple unless $25,000 was dropped from an airplane near Grant, Nebraska.

Lawyer Llewellyn Winslow of Peabody, Massachusetts, as administrator of his mother's estate and guardian of his minor brother and sister, sued himself as administrator of his father's estate for a total of $70,000. The suit resulted from an automobile accident in his father's car, which killed both his parents and seriously injured his brother and sister. Two burglars entered a high school in Syracuse, New York, and took a shower bath. "Nothing was taken," read the official report, "except the bath."

THE PRESIDENT'S MYSTERY, prize 1935 editorial scoop, became one of 1936's most exciting pictures. Miss America of 1935, after refusing to bare her legs on the stage and threatening to sue an artist for exhibiting a nude statue for which she said she posed in a bathing suit, completed the concealment by marrying a man named Mustacchio. My Man Godfrey, made from a Liberty story, proved the funniest film of the year. The general verdict was that Charlie Chaplin's Modern Times wasn't as modern as it should be. Irving Thalberg, youngest and greatest picture producer, died at thirty-seven.

Peggy Hopkins Joyce, divorced four times from previous husbands, chose as her fifth a thirty-year-old professor of astrophysics at London University. James Pal and Elizabeth Pal are still pals but no longer friends, so their mutual friend Israel Friend, acting as the wife's attorney, got them a divorce. Louis D'Allessandro, newly married, found six children ranging from three to seventeen, progeny of his bride by a former marriage, sitting at his dinner table. They were all news to him, he told the judge. Divorce granted. Mrs. May Burton, Philadelphia widow returning from her husband's funeral, stopped off to get a license to marry one of the pallbearers.

A. Lawrence Lowell, president emeritus of Harvard, flunked his preliminary exams for an automobile driver's license but passed his finals. James Bryant Conant, present president of Harvard, joined a party of twenty tourists on a personally conducted three-hour tour of the institution. No one recognized him.

Albert E. Wickey, retired freight handler, went out to the St. Louis airdrome to see the planes come in. He became so enthusiastic that he tossed his hat into one of them. Five months later, covered with stickers showing it had been round the world by air, it was restored to Albert's head. Together they went to a night club.

Asked to make a political speech, Joe Louis said, "I wish I could talk as loud as I can punch." Louis's predecessor, Jack Johnson, played a walking-on part in the New York Hippodrome's presentation of Aïda. Helen Howard, Steve Brodie's granddaughter, competed in the A. A. U. high-diving championships. She was good, but her grandpa's dive off Brooklyn Bridge is still the tops.

FRANCE sent the Normandie, Britain the Queen Mary, Germany the Hindenburg. Everybody, except Finland, sent us the usual ha-ha on war debts. A columnist pointed out that when the Queen Mary made its first trip, it didn't break a record, but when Jesse Owens booked passage, it did. In Fisherville, Virginia, Jasper Davis spat twelve feet nine inches in a high wind and hit the bull's-eye. Leviathan Levy, a newcomer, loomed on the wrestling horizon. Yes; loomed. Weight, 610 pounds.

Pop Haselwood, bus driver, completed 1,772,651 miles without an accident. His motto is: "Drive like the other guy is crazy." Carl Carlson won the Iowa corn-husking contest. Patricia Gallagher and Charles Francis Cochrane, aged respectively thirteen and nine, won New York's freckle contest. The Women's Singles Championship at Forest Hills was a great success. Kay Stammers had the prettiest legs and Alice Marble the shortest shorts.

Polly Moran said her husband pulled a gun on her because people would call him "Mr. Polly Moran." William Fox, who thought he was worth "about $100,000,000," found himself bankrupt. Elsie Janis held an auction. Tommy Meighan died. Bill Hart, once two-gun top man of Western thrillers, emerged from retirement to collect $85,000 on an old movie contract. Caliban and Ariel became Darby and Joan.

Stanwurt von Schilling, three, of Norfolk, Virginia, amazed audiences by playing a large repertoire on the euphonium, a huge brass horn. Stanwurt also plays the trumpet and trombone. In Gloucester, where men are men, Joseph Randazza celebrated his third birthday. He stands four feet six inches and weighs 146 pounds.

Parents in Pittston, Pennsylvania, protested to the school board because Anthony Munley, teacher, didn't spank their children. Mrs. Louis Crawford of Pearl Street, Louisiana, reported that a big black dog had brought a newborn baby into her back yard. Under questioning by the authorities, the dog turned out to be a

stork. A Negro in Union, South Carolina, hearing the government was handing out "baby bonds," complained. "My wife had a baby last January," he told the postmaster, "and we ain't never got nothin'."

John D. Rockefeller, ninety-seven, announced he had found the secret of living to be 100. "Even then," he added, "I'm not going to give up." Dr. Friedrich Bergius, Nobel Prize chemist, told our scientific bigwigs how to make trees fit to eat. Kelvin Rogers, three-and-a-half-year-old Australian, traveled 9,000 miles to see Dr. Chevalier Jackson, who took out of his lung a three-inch nail which had lain there eighteen months. Kelvin went home, pleased with his trip. The best batter on this year's Webster, Massachusetts, high-school team was Nellie Twardzik. Rollins College's crew that beat Manhattan College's crew listed as its coxswain, "Stearns, aged 21, height 5 feet 2 inches, weight 110." Stearns's first name was Phoebe. Yet Avery Brundage of the American Committee insisted that every woman entry in the Olympic Games—except, of course, Eleanor Holm!—should be given a sex examination to make sure they weren't men.

Edith Maxwell, twenty-one, famous "curfew girl," was promised another crack at Virginia justice. Lucy Loore, twenty-two, married and pretty, became the youngest woman ever admitted to practice before the United States Supreme Court. A gun girl, assisted by two armed men, kidnaped a New Jersey state trooper, and dumped him into a ditch with his hands, feet, and mouth neatly taped.

EMIL MARQUART, bound for Europe on the Berlin, swallowed his false teeth. Transferred, off the Grand Banks, to the westbound Europa, he arrived back in New York in time to have them salvaged. Lightning struck Harold Lester's house in Great Barrington, Massachusetts, and destroyed his trousers. Lester, philosophical, said he was glad he wasn't in the trousers.

Sister Ann Joachim of the Dominican order, former tennis expert and aviatrix, became the first Catholic sister to be admitted to practice before the United States Supreme Court. Norman Horowitz was arrested in Westport, Connecticut, for kissing his own wife. The car he was driving at the time almost kissed Police Sergeant Baker. Nikola Romaniuw, an Austrian in White Plains, New York, couldn't sign his name to his will, so used fingerprints instead. The will stood. Father Devine, saying their time was not yet, told his followers to stay away from the polls.

Lucrezia Bori sang good-by. New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra hired five men to try to fill Conductor Arturo Toscanini's shoes. Leopold Stokowski and his symphony orchestra, making their screen debut, drew second billing to Benny Goodman and his swing orchestra.

Government experts prophesied grapefruit that squeezes itself and corn on the cob equipped with zippers. If you are too fat, Michigan University professors proved that you should eat more hamburgers. The Onion Anti-Defamation Committee of America, meeting at Kalamazoo, Michigan, resolved in favor of creating scientifically a scentless onion. Now the trick is to do it.

A holdup man in Detroit took Ernest Gallagher for a ride in his own car, robbed him of forty dollars, shot him in the neck, and left him on the ground to die. Soon he returned. "You're not dead yet," he said. "How do you start that car?" Gallagher just managed to gasp, "Second button." The Supreme Court of the State of Washington reversed the verdict of a lower court awarding the second mate of the vessel Corvena $1,000 because he caught the itch from the ship's cook. Jimmy Childs, twelve, was arrested ten times in two years for stealing bicycles. The last time, the cops chipped in to buy him a bike of his own.

FIVE-MONTHS-OLD Joe Alteri pulled a pillow over his head and smothered himself. Patrolman Thomas McLoughlin of the New York McLoughlins put his large lips to Joseph's small ones and breathed the breath of life into the little body. Brownie, a chow dog, ordered by his master to pursue a car containing three holdup men who had robbed him, chased it five city blocks, attracted the attention of a passing policeman, and caused the arrest of the three. A sixteen-year-old Brooklyn boy, Johnny Bermudez, his home afire, gave his life trying to rescue his pet cat, Fluffy. Whereupon Nig, mongrel mascot of Fire Engine Company 203, plunged into the burning house and brought out Fluffy, "completely drenched but quite alive."

Four poker players in Milwaukee drew simultaneously a straight, a diamond flush, a full house of aces over jacks, and four kings. Joe Petran, a kibitzer, fell dead.

John Hewins Kern, recently cured of agoraphobia (fear of open spaces), was told by a judge that there was now no reason why he shouldn't go out and find a job. If he doesn't do so pronto, and pay his wife five dollars a week, he'll go to jail. Kern, forty, was cured by holding hands with a comely young woman, twenty-five.

To amuse the savants at Harvard's Tercentenary, the telephone people exhibited a phone which could change a man's voice into a woman's or vice versa, and a single voice into a duet. San Francisco, with its eight-and-a-quarter-mile Bay Bridge, spanned the widest stretch of navigable water ever bridged by human handiwork.

Two Americans, who will likely be remembered long after most of the rest of us are dead, spent the year abroad. One was Charles Augustus Lindbergh. The other was Wallis Warfield Simpson.

Yes, it was like that in 1936!

THE END

Old-Fashioned

by RUTH LYONS

LUCY MOORE. ILLUSTRATIONS BY STOCKTON MULFORD

RODNEY looked through the open studio door at her mother. Her clever mother—Lucy Moore—who painted magazine covers. Her clever mother who modeled amusing little statues, sketched with a few ironic pen strokes devastating caricatures of her friends. Her clever mother who made money. And, most important of all, her beautiful mother.

Lucy Moore looked up from her drawing board. She was tiny and fragile. Her short hair clung to her head in soft blonde ringlets. Her enormous blue eyes seemed to minimize every other feature of her delicate face. Her mouth was small and tinted scarlet. She wore a tomato-red smock and royal-blue slacks. She, Rodney's mother, was thirty-nine and looked scarcely more than thirty.

She asked, spreading the enormous eyes still wider, "*Darling!* What time is it?"

Rodney said, glancing down at the businesslike wrist watch strapped to her sturdy wrist, "Four thirty."

"Damn!" said Lucy Moore. She rose from her chair with a quick graceful movement, and Rodney instantly felt herself expand and become enormous. The top of Lucy Moore's bright head was a full six inches below her own. She always felt awkwardly massive in the presence of her tiny mother. Her five feet eight inches, one hundred and thirty pounds, seemed to stretch to Gargantuan proportions. Unconsciously she slid her hands behind her back, locked the long fingers together.

She said, "Lucy, I want to tell you—"

Lucy Moore said, "Why, child, you're not dressed yet! And we've people coming at five."

"That's it," said Rodney. "You won't mind if I'm not here, will you? One of the boys in my life class is coming to take me to the Venay exhibit."

"But, darling, it'll be there another week. I'll perish if you're not here to sustain me when that horde stamps in. Can't you ask your young man to stay for cocktails?"

She was moving briskly along to her room, glancing occasionally over her shoulder at Rodney, who followed with slow long steps.

Rodney said, "But I did want to go—"

"I know, darling. It's foul of me. I'm much too selfish. Well, you run along and do what you want. I'll manage somehow."

They were now in the dressing room off Lucy Moore's bedroom, and the last thing Rodney saw before the tomato-red smock was pulled up to engulf her mother's lovely face and head was Lucy's tender forgiving smile.

Forgiving. Putting her in the wrong. But it had its effect. She said, instantly contrite, "Of course I'll stay, Lucy. And Ivan—that's the man—will love it—meeting all your friends—particularly Boyer. He's been trying to get in to see Boyer for months."

Lucy said a little sharply, "Remember, darling, you must warn him not to talk business. Boyer is not an art director when he comes here—he's a friend."

Rodney didn't answer. She was gazing at their reflection in the long mirror, thinking of the question all Lucy's friends asked: How could such a tiny fragile thing as Lucy be the mother of Rodney? There were no points of similarity, unless you counted the fact that both had blue eyes. But the eyes themselves were so different, in shape and expression. Lucy's, wide, candid, eager. Rodney's, quiet, somewhat inscrutable; like her face, which changed little with emotion. Most of Lucy's friends thought Rodney sweet but dull. "My dear, at times she looks positively *blank*." Rodney had overheard Grace Trainor, the writer, say that.

Lucy's small naked body darted past her into the shower stall, and Rodney remained staring at the solitary reflection in the mirror. She had a smooth oval face that was broken into by very dark highly arched brows and framed with smooth brown hair. Her nose was straight with sensitively flared nostrils, her mouth wide and pink and, like the rest of her face, untouched by make-up. She had a long-limbed height and firm young bosom. Nothing startling. Nothing knockout about her. A nice-looking young girl.

Rodney, looking at herself, feeling herself awkward and big-boned and colorless, feeling the unrest within her, thought, Rodney, you're pretty bad. What a disappointment you must be to Lucy, who should have had something doll-like and pretty for a child to show off. And then she thought, But why does she always want me around? For contrast? To point up her own beauty? But she felt guilty and disloyal thinking that, and turned from the mirror.

LUCY flashed out in mules and robe, throwing her a startled glance. "Aren't you changing, Rodney? You're not wearing this?" tugging at the dark blue woolen dress with an impatient beautiful white hand. Lucy always said, "You should wear dark colors, darling. Never anything light. You'd look enormous."

Rodney brushed a speck from the woolen dress. "Yes, I don't feel like changing." What difference would it make?

Lucy said, with her soft appealing look, "Help me, angel. Norah's busy in the kitchen. The black velvet and the diamond clips."

Rodney watched while her mother combed the soft golden ringlets, fastened the diamonds to the neck of her dress with hands that curled out of the long black velvet sleeves like white lilies.

Very deliberately Rodney placed her large hand on her mother's shoulder, noticed with cool appraising eyes how much area it covered. Sometimes she did that just to hurt herself.

Lucy looked up, said sharply, "Darling, I hope your hands aren't perspiring. This velvet spots so."

Rodney drew her hand away. Lucy smiled brightly, forgivingly, up at her. "Tell me about your man," she said. "This Ivan."

She was at the door when some one yelled, "Hey, come back here with my scarf!"

Who's "Modern" Now —Our Mothers or Our Daughters? Here's a Sparkling Love Story to Make You Ponder

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

Rodney looked away, shrugged. "Oh, he's Russian—sort of intense."

"Do you love him?"

"Love—" Rodney was indignant. "I scarcely know him, Lucy."

Lucy rolled her eyes. "Darling, darling, what has that to do with love? Don't be so old-fashioned. When will you grow up? Nineteen, and you still think— Well, let's put it this way—does he attract you physically?"

Rodney stiffened, flushed, and hated herself for betraying her embarrassment. For years now Rodney had tried to school herself to present a blank impassive countenance to her mother's eager probing and prying.

She mastered the flush and said coldly, "No."

Lucy put her hands before her on the dressing table, met Rodney's eyes in the mirror. She said, "I want you always to be truthful with me, Rodney. It's ridiculous that you should be embarrassed with me. I'm your mother. And this is a modern outspoken age. It's better this way. You must throw away that Old World false modesty of yours. You're not going to make the mistake I made. I married a man who could give me nothing more than physical satisfaction. He wasn't my intellectual equal but I was mad about him physically. I should have had an affair with him and let it go at that. But people didn't do such things in those days. They married because they were fired by a kiss, and spent the rest of their lives regretting it. When your father died in the second year of our marriage I thought that God had been good, because I wouldn't have had the courage to divorce him. What fools women were!"

Rodney shifted uncomfortably, and Lucy turned on her. "I don't want you to be trapped into marriage because of a sex urge. You have a future. That's more important than being tied down with babies and housekeeping to a man who can give you nothing more than a rise in temperature. You must be very sure. And a clever woman can arrange her life—"

Rodney felt herself breathless with words that wanted to burst forth but somehow wouldn't come, and then the doorbell rang.

Lucy was instantly young and appealing and wide-eyed. "Darling, you go. I'll be out in a moment."

Norah had already opened the door when Rodney got there. It was Boyer. He was always the first to arrive at Lucy's parties. He was a big man with a shock of curly white hair. He handed hat, coat, and stick to Norah, and patted Rodney's cheek. "Hello there, lady."

She said, "Hello, Mr. Boyer," and led him into the beautiful spacious room which Lucy had designed. The late afternoon light flickered in pale streaks along the deep blue rug, picked out splotches of color in the clever moderns spaced along the blue walls, fired with lightning flashes the crystal lamps and bric-a-brac. There were pale smooth sofas and one fuzzy yellow chair. Lucy's chair. Her throne.

She came into the room, the black velvet dress whispering around her ankles, filling the room suddenly with a breath of cultivated perfumed femininity. And from that moment Rodney was painfully conscious of her sturdy brown oxfords, a speck of lint on the dark woolen dress, a hairpin that worked loose from the coils of brown hair.

Lucy raised herself on the tips of her fragile black sandals and kissed Boyer, patting his cheek. "Darling!" Then she sank daintily into the fuzzy yellow chair.

The doorbell rang again. Grace Trainor, wearing another red hat. Rodney wondered why she insisted on wearing red hats when they served only to emphasize her sallow complexion. At her heels came Keller, who wrote Negro stories; Joe Bush, who painted murals; Salter, who did book reviews; Pinski the cellist; two minor poets, both feminine.

The same old crowd. Rodney knew them all and smiled pleasantly, and their smiles in return were vague until they went beyond her and found Lucy. And then it was as if a director had said, "Now, intense animation!"

Rodney didn't mind. She was merely glad that there wasn't any one new. No one who would say, "But she's not your daughter, Lucy! She can't be!"

And then the doorbell rang again, and when Rodney went to the door she realized she had forgotten something. She had forgotten Ivan. He shook her hand boyishly and said, "Hello, Rodney. Ready to go?"

She didn't answer for a moment, looking at his dark-eyed keen face, his smooth tan skin, thinking, Lucy's type. Lucy's meat. Then she smiled. She said, "I'm terribly sorry, Ivan. Lucy—I mean, mother's having a cocktail party, and she wants me to stay—wants us to stay. I think she needs my physical support, she's such a tiny thing. Do you mind, Ivan?"

He said, "On the contrary. I'd be delighted to meet your mother. I've always admired her work."

She introduced Ivan to Lucy, and he bowed low over her hand while Rodney remembered his boyish handclasp at the door. He said, "But you're not—you can't be Rodney's mother!"

Lucy said, "You're sweet! Sit here beside me and I'll tell you about Rodney." She smiled up at Rodney, who answered with a brave curling of her pink lips.

Norah offered cocktails, and Ivan looked his surprise at Rodney, who did not take one. Lucy said, "Didn't you know? My child is the model old-fashioned girl. She neither drinks, smokes, nor uses make-up. I don't know what I've ever done to deserve such a saint." She leaned toward Ivan and her delicate white hand rested lightly on his arm. "Rodney's a marvelous person. But you know that. I was only nineteen when she was born. I wanted a boy—women had no chance then. Even when I knew she was a girl I insisted on naming her Rodney. I sometimes think that's why she's so much like her father. Didn't take anything from me—"

RODNEY rose awkwardly from her seat beside Ivan, stood with feet planted in the thick rug, feeling hot, naked.

Lucy looked up, smiled. "But she's very much of a girl. Look at the lovely line of her breast and hips."

Ivan was looking at the white hand on his dark coat sleeve. He said, "What beautiful hands! May I draw them sometime?"

Lucy said, "Oh, dear, oh, dear! They've been drawn so many times, poor hands."

He said, "Rodney tells me you have a wonderful collection of Daumiers. I'd love to see them."

Lucy's enormous blue eyes spread with unbelief. "I can't believe that any of you young people are interested in Daumier." She floated up from the fuzzy yellow chair, her face animated. "I'll take you to the studio and show them to you. You've no idea how gratifying it is—"

Lucy and Ivan were out of the room for a long time. Rodney thought, without rancor, That's why she always wants me here. Because she wants to enjoy her own parties too much to be a good hostess. But it's the least I can do for her. She's worked hard for everything, and for me.

One of the minor poets was lying on the floor, her chin cupped in her hands, saying to no one in particular, "I dreamed last night that T. S. Eliot said to me, 'What is it you have that I lack?'"

The other minor poet shouted across the room, "The only thing you have that he lacks is a husband."

Some one laughed and said, "Give her another drink."

Pinski's voice boomed, "He plays the violin like an angel, but he has this terrible expression on his face. And I say to him, 'You play so beautifully it is a shame that you should have some trouble on your mind. What is it? Perhaps I can help.' And he say to me, 'It is only that I do not like music.'"

Grace Trainor shouted, "Pinski, you lying old fraud. That's a moth-eaten joke. I've heard it before. And told better, too."

Lucy came back into the room with Ivan at her heels, his gaze fastened to the top of her head. Rodney thought, She can't help it, it's not her fault, she doesn't do it deliberately,—while the party went on and on around her. . . .

Two days later Lucy said excitedly, "Darling, Boyer says the magazine wants me to go to Paris to cover a fashion show! Isn't it marvelous? What shall I do with you? I'll be gone only three weeks. It would be too extravagant to take you with me. You'll be all right here, won't you? Norah will look after you. I hate to leave you, but Lord knows you're sensible and can take care of yourself. And it'll be only three weeks."

THE morning after Lucy's departure Rodney awoke with a curious sensation of well-being. It puzzled her a little at first, not yet fully awake. And then she faced it calmly and truthfully. She said to herself, There's no use being silly about it. There's no sense trying to force myself to feel a conventional filial sorrow. I'm glad that Lucy's gone away for a while. And it has nothing to do with my love for her.

She could dress with no fear of Lucy's critical eyes, no sound of Lucy's voice telling her the brown hat didn't go with the black coat—as if it mattered which of the dull things she wore with which. She could eat heartily the food Norah set before her without hearing Lucy say, "Not so much bread, darling. It'll go to your hips." And she could walk through the lovely large rooms and feel mistress of this house, and stretch herself to her full height without feeling like a behemoth.

As she emerged from the apartment house the heavens smiled on her with a glad burst of sunshine. She stood still for a moment, feeling unaccountably excited, looking across Gramercy Park. The world was almost unbearably beautiful.

She glanced down with distaste at the black coat, the brown oxfords, and suddenly decision was born in her. It was all of a piece with her new mood, Lucy's absence, the bright day. She would skip her art classes, she would walk up Fifth Avenue in the sunshine, she would buy herself something new to wear.

An hour later she came through the revolving doors of a Fifth Avenue department store. She wore a hunter's-green suit trimmed with leopardskin. She examined her reflection in the plate-glass window and sighed with satisfaction. It was a knockout. Of course she had meant to get only a hat, or perhaps a dress, but she had seen the suit and had been lost. Her brown hat went very nicely with the suit, and the brown oxfords weren't so bad, but they needed a shine.

She turned into a side street and was soon climbing up into a chair in a shoe-shining establishment, placing in her lap two packages containing new gloves and a new handbag.

She felt reborn, strangely excited, and from the corner of her eye saw a big young man hop up into the chair beside her. She looked straight ahead, humming noiselessly to herself, while the big young man opened his coat and pulled off his muffler. In a few minutes she stood up, clutching her packages to her, glanced with approval at her gleaming oxfords, and stepped down.

She was at the door when some one yelled, "Hey, come back here with my scarf!" and looking up she found the big young man beside her. Caught between her packages and dangling down over her arm was a plaid muffler. They both laughed.

They were out in the sunshine together now, walking up the street, and Rodney was thinking breathlessly, It's exactly the sort of thing that's always happening in Grace Trainor's novels—and I never believed it!

He was big and blond with a blunt nose and a charm-

ingly homely face. He said, "I have the afternoon off. What are you doing?"

They rode up to Central Park on the top of a bus, and laughed a lot and talked. They talked of such very important things as the weather, names, addresses, and occupations.

He was Bill Brown, salesman for the E. G. Camera Company. He sold cameras and photographic supplies.

She said eagerly, "Oh, really? I have a camera, and I can't understand what's wrong with it—" She explained its difficulty as well as she could, and he gave her his opinion, adding that he would have one of the men look it over.

His glance seemed to say, "I'll protect you and your camera as well."

She felt suddenly pampered and well taken care of, and fiercely glad because of it.

When she told him her name was Rodney he said, "Are you kidding?" And then, "That's a silly name for a girl—especially for a girl like you. It might be all right for somebody arty and—well, sophisticated. I'll have to call you something else." He thought for a moment. "I know—I'll call you Rhoda."

She said softly, "I like that," and she might have added, "I'd like any name you want to call me," because her eyes said it very plainly.

At Central Park he said, "Let's go skating!"

Her face lit up, then fell. She said, "I can't."

"You *can't?*"

"No. You see, Lucy doesn't like it, so—"

"Who's Lucy, for the love of Pete?"

"My mother. You see, we've always been together. Done things together." That was all she would say. Some other time she'd tell him about Lucy. Or perhaps she never would.

He pressed the bus button and caught her arm. "We're going skating, and I'll teach you how."

An hour or so later they tumbled wearily into another bus. Rodney couldn't remember ever having been so happy. Her ankles had wobbled unsteadily, she had flopped all over the ice, there was snow sticking to her new suit, and several damp patches on it, and it had all been wonderful. She felt wild and mussed and tinglingly weary.

Bill Brown said, "Gosh, you're pretty!" and her breath caught with a startled gasp in her throat. Pretty!

She telephoned Norah that she wouldn't be home for dinner, and she dined with Bill Brown in a tearoom on Eighth Street where they were fed heavenly food, and Paradise was a softly lighted room filled with people and low voices and a faint odor of cooking.

Out in the cold air again, he said, "Let's go to a movie," and she said, "Oh, I'd love to." She didn't want to see that incredulous look flare up in his eyes, so she didn't tell him she had been only once to a movie. Lucy and her friends thought the movies were frightful drivel.

AFTER the movie they walked to Gramercy Park, discussing the picture, the players, falling occasionally into a companionable silence. At her door they stood silent for a moment, she, suddenly shy of his eyes, pulling off her gloves. He took her long fingers in his, smoothed them a little. He said, "You have swell hands." Then he dropped them quickly and smiled a self-conscious flash of white teeth. In another moment he was gone, leaving her staring down at her hands, spreading them incredulously before her eyes, pressing them finally against her hot cheeks.

In bed that night, remembering that he hadn't tried to kiss her, wondering what his kiss would be like, she thought of other men who had made motions of love toward her. Salter had said, "It would be very interesting to have an affair with you. You're such a strange quiet person—I'd like to see you really animated." Pinski had tried to kiss her several times, and once had said, "You must *live* if you would bring fire to your work. Come to my studio some evening." It was dreadfully sordid thinking of it now.

Bill Brown arrived at eight the next evening. Rodney's heart beat thickly under a plain black dress. He said, "You look better in that green thing." Instead of being downcast it made her happy. Again she had that ridiculous sensation of being protected, watched out for.

He followed her into Lucy's beautiful spacious room, and gazed earnestly around with bright blue eyes. He made no comment on the room but he looked uncomfortable sitting on the pale smooth sofa. He shifted his long legs restlessly once or twice while the silence deepened between them. Then he stood up. "Let's go out somewhere."

Rodney racked her brains to think of something interesting to do. Then she said, "Oh, I know. Let's go to the Venay exhibit." Ivan had not asked her a second time. He had been too interested asking about Lucy.

She had to tell Bill Brown where the exhibit was. He didn't know that Venay was an artist, that he was the newest sensation. He had never heard of Venay.

He was restless and uncomfortable before the pictures. He said, "I don't see any sense to stuff like this. You never saw a woman with—well, a chest like that, and I can't make out what half of these pictures are supposed to be. I don't know anything about art, but I don't like that sort of stuff."

Rodney said, suddenly amazed because she knew it was true, "I don't either."

RUTH LYONS
has been writing for only three years but has sold everything she ever wrote. She has been a secretary, an editor, a night club entertainer, and once ran a successful beauty shop. She now divides her time between New York City and the Adirondacks.

BILL BROWN turned his back on the pictures, dismissing Venay. "I know what we can do. We'll call on Polly and Ted. You'll like them. They've been married about two years—I used to go to school with Ted—and they have a cute kid."

It was a small apartment, decorated with maple reproductions and gay chintzes. Polly and Ted were young and handsome and very much in love. They liked Rodney, or Rhoda, as she was introduced, immediately. They were amazed that she didn't know how to play ping-pong and they set up the board on the dining-room table and went about teaching her. They laughed a lot over the game, and when they were all tired, went back into the living room, telling her she would make a good player, she was very quick.

They sat around after that, talking in a quiet comfortable fashion of movies they had seen, new restaurants they had discovered, the baby, who had been ill but was better now, and Rodney felt very far away indeed from all that clever feverish patter that it had been her lot to listen to for so long. She was silent during most of the talk, having little part in it, but feeling very much a part of it because Bill Brown's eyes seldom left her face.

He took her home in a taxi. She was light and ecstatic and electrified.

She said, "I'm terribly happy, Bill. I love Polly and Ted. I never knew people like them before."

He said, "Why, they're just ordinary people."

She nodded. "That's what I mean. I've heard mother and her friends talk about people like that, but they made them sound so awful. I've never had any friends but mother's, and they're older and—well, it's hard to explain. She's kept me in art school because she wants me to be a great artist, and I had tutors when I was younger, so I didn't know many young people—"

Bill Brown said, "Will you marry me, Rhoda? I love you."

She was silent for a moment and then burst into tears, and he took her in his arms while she cried, deep sobs that tore at his heart and made him think he had been blunt and cruel until she lifted her face to his and he saw her eyes.

While the Ile de France eased slowly into the dock Rodney waited, cold and chilled. For three magic weeks she had forgotten that there must be a day when things would resume their former course. Over and above her excitement and happiness at seeing Lucy was a dread fear.

Then she was kissing Lucy while the world changed again and assumed familiar, half-forgotten proportions. She was gawky and clumsy and tongue-tied in Lucy's presence. All the way home in the taxi she smiled and

listened to Lucy while she wondered how she could ever tell her about Bill Brown. All through the rest of the afternoon, while Lucy supervised her unpacking between frenzied dashes to the telephone, Rodney wondered and dreaded.

He was coming at eight to see Lucy and tell her he wanted to marry her daughter, and somehow before that time she must prepare Lucy. But eight o'clock came and she had spoken no word.

Lucy was dressing to go out when Bill arrived. Rodney greeted him wordlessly, clinging to him for a long moment. Then she said, "Wait out here, darling," and went to face her mother.

Lucy looked up brightly from the dressing table.

Rodney said, very low, "I'm going to be married, mother." It was the first time since childhood that she had called Lucy "mother."

"What are you saying, Rodney?"

Rodney twisted her long hands together. "Please don't try to stop me," she pleaded. "I love him. I know we'll be happy; he's just the right person for me."

Lucy said sharply, "Calm yourself, Rodney! Stop talking like an overemotional, hysterical child. Who is he? What is this all about?"

Rodney swallowed and straightened her broad shoulders. "You don't know him, mother. He's—well, his name is Bill Brown. He—sells photographic stuff."

Lucy was pale and daintily rigid. "A salesman," she said softly. "Earning, perhaps, thirty dollars a week?"

"No, forty," Rodney answered proudly. "We can live on that easily. Friends of Bill's live on less. We've even found an apartment in Washington Heights for only thirty-five dollars a month."

Lucy said, still in that soft quiet voice, "Washington Heights. Salesman. Is he your intellectual equal? Has he anything to offer you besides forty dollars a week? Does he fit in with the sort of people you've always known? Would you be proud of him among your friends?"

Rodney cried, "I'd be proud of him anywhere! He's real, he's a man, he's kind and gentle, he has horse sense. He wouldn't be able to bandy words with your friends, he wouldn't know any clever things to say; he probably thinks that Matisse and Stein and Joyce and Picasso are just a lot of unwashed foreigners; but he knows how to live a sane, decent life. He knows what it is to really love and respect a woman! He'd know how to fix electric fixtures and to take care of a furnace if he had to, and he's crazy about children. He'd probably think our friends are a lot of bores, a lot of show-offs, going to parties just to show other people how terribly clever they are. He'd be disgusted with their manners and morals, think them a lot of—rabbits—"

She broke off, gasping a little, wondering dimly what she had said.

Lucy spoke in a hoarse voice. She said, "Rodney, listen to me. You're hysterical. You don't know what you're saying. And I'm not going to allow you to make a fool of yourself. You're not going to tie yourself down with babies and housekeeping to a man who's not your equal. You have a future. Boyer thinks you'll do great things. Pendello says you're his best pupil—you're more than promising. You can't throw all that over, and you'll have to if you marry this—this Bill Brown."

Rodney broke in, "But that's not important to me, Lucy. It never has been. I've worked hard because of you, because I knew you wanted it, because I wanted to please you—I've always felt so inferior to you. And, anyway, if I have talent it's not going to leave me just because I get married—"

"It will! You won't give it any time. You'll be too busy with love and babies and a house, until it's too late. And then you won't be able to go back because you'll have children. Rodney, I don't mean to be cruel or unmotherly, but you mustn't allow your old-fashioned morals to hold you back. I know what it is to feel the way you do—to love, to want this man more than anything else in the world. But don't get in too deep. This is a modern age; you can take these things in your stride without tying yourself up with marriage—"

Rodney's face was still and white, her eyes dark tragic splotches.

Lucy took up a comb and briskly attacked her bright curls. Composure had returned to her. She said, "I want to talk to him. Send him in to me."

With slow dragging steps Rodney went out. She said to Bill, "Mother wants to see you."

SHE sat down and waited tensely, the long fingers twisted tightly together. Was it all over? Would Lucy, who knew so well how to handle young men, be able to win him to her side? Lucy knew so well how to use subtle ridicule, how to deflate a dream.

She waited with tears coursing slowly down her cheeks, and then Bill strode into the room. His face was white and terrible. He said gruffly, "Get your hat and coat on, Rhoda, and hurry."

Somehow they were outside of the apartment house, and her timid clasp on Bill's arm told her that he was trembling. She hailed a taxi and they got in speechlessly.

She said then, "Tell me, Bill, tell me what happened. You frighten me."

He said grimly, "We're going over to Jersey and get married right away." He pulled her into his arms and held her tight for a moment.

He said, "I haven't any right speaking against your mother. I know that each person must live life in his own way—"

"What did mother say to you?" Rodney demanded.

He turned his face away, and she knew he was blushing. He answered in a tight voice, "She said we ought to wait until we were sure. That we ought to—to have an affair first."

Rodney pulled his head to her shoulder, stroked his cheek with fiercely loving fingers. She said, "Oh, darling, my poor darling."

And then she laughed softly. "You mustn't mind mother, darling. She's trying to do her best by me, and she's really wonderful, Bill. She was left a widow at twenty, practically penniless, with me on her hands, and she managed to make a success of herself. But she still thinks we're back in the dark ages when no one talked of anything but sex freedom and sex expression. She still thinks it's smart to drink a lot and not have emotions, and for children to call their mothers by their first names. She doesn't realize that we're another generation. You see, she's old-fashioned, poor darling."

THE END

GOOD BOOKS

by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **RESTATING ECONOMIC THEORY** by Charles Crawford. Charles Crawford, Paola, Kansas.
A refreshingly simple and interesting explanation of the interrelations of capital, labor, and money reduced to terms of labor alone. Unique in its viewpoint and definitions of economic terms.

★ ★ ½ **PLAY ON YOUR HARP** by Travis Ingham. Farrar & Rinehart.
A spoiled young man takes unto himself a wife who really loves him and bears him a child. This well written book follows their up-and-down marriage through the depression and to a happy conclusion.

★ ★ **EGGS AND BAKER** by John Masefield. The Macmillan Company.
Another novel of sordid, unhappy, lower-class English life, in which a God-fearing and righteous baker agitates for reform and brings even greater misery upon himself and his family.

★ ★ **MEMOIRS OF COUNT BERNSTORFF.** Translated by Eric Sutton. Random House.
A valuable footnote to history. It documents Bernstorff's previous book, and reveals him as the one German who understood the workings of Woodrow Wilson's mind. Today poor Bernstorff—sad, disenchanted, and old—lives virtually as an exile in Switzerland.

Wendel TELLS ALL—

"MY 44 DAYS OF KIDNAPING, TORTURE, AND HELL IN THE LINDBERGH CASE"

Trebled Guards and Mental Thumbscrews—More Startling Disclosures from the Man Who Wouldn't "Take the Rap" for Hauptmann

by PAUL H. WENDEL

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

WITHOUT legal commitment, Wendel says, he was confined and secluded at the state hospital at New Lisbon. Last week he told of Ellis Parker, Sr., showing him a letter signed by Governor Hoffman that advised Parker to jail the whole Wendel family. He says he changed his Lindbergh "confession" as Parker demanded, but only after dictating to Mrs. Bading a complete repudiation of it, with an account of his ordeal in Brooklyn. He says carelessness on the infuriated Parker's part gave him an opportunity to pocket the governor's letter—which he has quoted in full.

"The two Parkers would work on me, then Anna Bading. They would promise, then threaten."

PART SIX—"THE GOVERNOR IS THE LAW"

GEORGE THOMAS, the guard, always went out of the room when the Parkers or Anna Bading came to see me. I suppose they didn't want a witness to the things they said and did. But he always met Parker and walked with him to his car to receive final instructions. This time, while he was gone, I hastily copied the letter, put both original and copy between pages of a newspaper, and tucked the newspaper under the mattress.

About half an hour later Parker came storming back.

"What did you do with that letter?" he asked.

"Have you looked through your pockets?"

"You ——— ———," he cried, "you're trying to double-cross me!"

Me double-crossing him! That struck me as good.

"Perhaps you left it in the other room," I said.

Cursing, he hurried into the sitting room and began poking around. I could see that getting this letter away from me was vital to him, and that he would undoubtedly have the whole place thoroughly searched. Then I would lose both the letter and the copy. So I slipped over to the bed, drew out the original, and tossed it on to the floor just before he came back into the room.

"Here it is," I said, picking it up.

He snatched it out of my hand and without a word disappeared down the stairway.

From that moment I began looking about to see what chance I would have of escaping. My thought was that if I could once get away I could hurry across the state line to Philadelphia, and from there get in touch with Assistant Attorney General Joseph Lanigan, whom I had known for years. The chances, however, were slim. My guard, Thomas, had proved a pleasant enough chap, but after this argument with Parker he began to watch me very closely. That night, also, Parker, Jr., brought a second guard, who said his name was George Wright.

"The governor has ordered a special night guard," young Parker explained.

I asked him to bring me a bottle of liniment, because my hands and legs as well as my ear pained me terribly. All he would say was that he would ask his father. By this time I had made up my mind to tell everybody around me the story of my kidnaping and torture and to show them my wounds, in the faint hope that some one of them might later on tell the truth about the situation. I had already done this with Thomas. I now did it with one of Dr. Jones's assistants and asked him to send me a doctor. He said he would. For ten days I kept asking for that doctor. He was always busy or on a vacation.

I wouldn't have you think that I was so dumb I didn't know what was being done to me. Almost from the first I realized that all the employees of this institution with whom I came in contact must be taking their orders from Parker. I didn't hold that against them. Ellis H.

Parker, Sr., was a powerful figure in Burlington County. Through his long political service and through his known intimacy with Governor Hoffman, he was supposed to wield the power of official life and death over every office-holder in the feudal kingdom over which he held sway. And his power had evidently extended to his son, who was later to become a fugitive from justice as the result of his participation in the events which I am now narrating.

Realizing all this, I lived on, playing cards with Thomas, listening to the radio, browsing in newspapers and magazines that were brought to me, and biding my time.

When Parker, Jr., came the next day, February 29, he said, "What's the matter with you and the old man?"

"Ellis," I said, "there's something rotten here. I demand my release."

"Governor Hoffman would not permit it. And you know how it is, doc—the governor and the old man are good friends. Anything the governor wants him to do the old man will do."

"Your father can do other people's bidding," I said, "but I won't."

"Why not, when you can make a million dollars?"

"I don't want that kind of money."

"Doc, you know that Hauptmann is innocent."

"The courts don't say so."

"The hell with the courts! You listen to the old man."

"I'm not crazy yet, Ellis," I said.

I don't know whether or not that word "crazy" put an idea into the young man's mind, but on Tuesday, March 3, he came in all smiles. He even handed me the bottle of liniment I had asked for five days before. Then he began to compliment me on my scientific knowledge of the human brain. Finally he said:

"Doc, you write a thesis and say that you were out of your mind when you did this kidnaping job."

"Don't be ridiculous!"

"I mean it. Governor Hoffman can do anything he wants to in the state, and get away with it."

"He can't get away with making me do that," I said.

Previously Parker, Jr., had told me that the governor had ordered that my fingerprints be taken. He said the governor wanted to send them to the various prosecuting officers in New Jersey and New York. I gladly agreed, because I felt that it would surely start an inquiry. But I never heard anything from them. I still don't know what was wanted unless it was to make me seem more like a criminal.

WHEN I wouldn't fall in with Ellis, Jr.'s, plan to plead insanity, he got very fresh and started to bawl me out. Wednesday, March 4, Parker, Sr., came again; and, as usual, I demanded my release. He replied:

"Now, listen, doc. If you'll do what I say, the governor tells me that he could supersede Wilentz and Hauck and appoint Eastwood to handle the case, and he could have the chief justice appoint a friendly judge to sit and hear your plea. Will you do it?"

As a lawyer I knew well that Governor Hoffman could do nothing of the kind. Wilentz was head of the legal department of the state government, just as Hoffman was head of the executive department; and Hauck was responsible to Wilentz, not Hoffman. But I didn't think this was the time to argue the point with Parker. So I said:

"I'll think it over."

Later I persuaded Parker to bring me certain lawbooks bearing on this point of the governor's authority, and wrote him an opinion based on rulings in similar issues. But it had no effect. All he said was:

"I got your letter, and I don't like it a —— —— bit!"

March 6 Ellis Parker, Jr., arrived with a third guard whom he introduced as Teddy, but whose real name was Theo Kass, alias Teddy Hans Kuntz. This was the young man whose later statements to the Brooklyn authorities apparently linked the Parkers directly with the torture gang.

Kass, it seems, was an acquaintance of my old gun-toting cellar companion Hank, who had brought him over to Burlington County and turned him over to Parker, Jr., to act as my guard.

"Doc," said Ellis, Jr., as he left, "orders are that these men aren't to talk to you from now on."

Shortly after Kass's arrival, my first guard, George Thomas, was called over to Dr. Jones's house. When he returned, he told me that he was through and was returning to his family in Jersey City. He asked me if there was anything he could do for me outside, and I jumped at the chance to get a letter through to my friend Assistant Attorney General Lanigan. Thomas said he would deliver such a letter for me if I didn't tell the new man, Kass. I then wrote the following:

March 6, 1936.

Mr. Joseph Lanigan,
State House,
Trenton, N. J.

Dear Joe:

I am being held at the State Colony in New Lisbon by Ellis Parker, Sr., for a confession in the kidnaping of the Lindbergh baby, which I know nothing about. Won't you please call for me with State Troopers and take me away with you, as I have a statement to make. You will find me over the garage.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) PAUL H. WENDEL.

AT last a contact with the outside world! I felt as if I were already free, for I knew that the moment Lanigan read that note the attorney general's office and the state police would move heaven and earth to save me!

"What the hell are you trying to do," cried Ellis Parker, Jr., rushing in—"sending word out to Lanigan?"

"Who has a better right?" I asked. "I am a citizen of New Jersey and he's the people's lawyer."

"Neither Joe Lanigan nor anybody else is going to do anything for you. These men aren't Boy Scouts."

George Thomas had come back and was standing in the corner with his eyes on the floor.

"You're a fine bird!" I said to him.

Thomas, I learned afterward, was not Thomas at all. He was Gus Lockwood, one of Governor Hoffman's paid investigators in the Lindbergh case.

Ellis, Jr., then said that the governor had instructed him to take away my shoes. They had a convenient way of blaming Governor Hoffman whenever they wanted to do something to me!

"Why?" I asked.

"So you won't escape."

He also took away my newspapers, magazines, and radio. Then he told Lockwood and Kass that they were not to talk or play cards with me, and must watch me closely.

"If you try to escape, doc," he said, turning to me, "I'll put you in a padded cell."

"How can you do that?" I asked.

"Because you're insane. The old man is in Trenton now discussing the matter with Judge Marshall. The governor will get two doctors to testify that you're crazy, and the first thing you know, you'll be out of the garage and in the asylum."

"Fine!" I said. "They can't commit me without giving me a chance to tell my story to twelve men and a judge."

"You'll see," he said, and left.

Having failed with Thomas, or Lockwood, I decided to appeal to Dr. Jones to get my story to the authorities; but in vain. The only result was that I didn't see Jones again for a week. I therefore turned back to the seemingly hopeless idea of escape.

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

One of the most disturbing passages in Mr. Wendel's story, from the standpoint of a conscientious police chief like Thatcher Colt, occurs in this issue, when Ellis Parker, Sr., inquires:

"Is he a Republican or a Democrat?"

Such a question, posed by one high police official about another high police official, when the latter was to be asked to accuse a fellow citizen of murder, should make the man in the street very thoughtful.

Is it possible that in any American community the decision as to whether our very lives are to be placed in jeopardy is a matter of political influence or belief?

Thatcher Colt hopes that it is not possible—but after reading this remarkable Wendel story he hardly knows what to believe!

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3 P. M., E. S. T.

The guards didn't speak to me now, except that every once in a while one of them would say, "Why don't you go along with the chief?" or, "Give the old man a break." They watched me now in three shifts. At least one pair of eyes was on me all the time. If I opened a window, they would order me to close it.

Parker, Sr., told me that armed guards were patrolling near the garage day and night, and were under orders to shoot me if I tried to make a getaway. And even if I got by all the guards, a man in his stocking feet in that neighborhood would almost surely be returned to the asylum on suspicion of being an inmate.

Altogether I was held in this hideaway—without being arraigned before a magistrate, as the law specifically requires—until March 28, a total of one month and four days. I cannot say that I was physically mistreated during this time. My meals were regular and good. My guards, although obeying orders, were generally courteous and considerate. I was grateful—as you would have been after so many weeks of confinement—for their very presence. Almost any human being would have been an improvement on those thugs who had tortured me. And then, almost any human being is an improvement on no human being at all, when you are being held against your will from mingling with your own kind!

It was mental torture that I was now undergoing—fear that my family was suffering from lack of money, anguish because I could not relieve their anxiety about my own safety. These were the emotions which racked me during the long hours of the night and after the visits of the Parkers and Anna Bading. Generally, though, I managed to keep up at least an appearance of cheerfulness and poise.

As I neared the halfway point in my enforced stay at the Four Mile Colony, I had achieved a philosophy about the whole situation which, if I do say it, impressed the men who surrounded me.

THE last two weeks of this illegal confinement passed much as the first two weeks and four days had. The two Parkers would work on me, then Anna Bading, then the three guards. First they would promise, then they would threaten. The general idea was that if I would say that I had just come out from under a cloud of insanity, and now realized that I had committed this atrocious crime while under that cloud, publishers would gladly pay a million dollars for my story. I *would* have been crazy if I had believed that!

"I have information," Parker, Sr., said on one occasion, "that you tried to stab Mrs. Wendel and that you are insane."

On another occasion, when I told him that he would surely get into trouble for flouting the laws of the State of New Jersey, he replied:

"Governor Hoffman is the law."

Well, to make short what was to me a very long story, after a month and more of alternate threatening and cajolery they apparently came to the conclusion that I would not yield to either treatment. I don't know how much of this decision was voluntary on their part and how much was forced by rumors in the press and on the radio that a suspect in the Lindbergh case was being kept under cover, and also by the fact that the date of Hauptmann's scheduled execution was rapidly approaching. In other words, the situation was getting too hot for them.

On Saturday, March 28, I heard over the radio—which had been restored to our quarters—that "a suspect now in custody has reported to the governor that he was kidnaped on Broadway."

That night Parker came to me and begged me once more to stick by my confession and take the rap in the Lindbergh case, promising on everything that he or I held sacred that Governor Hoffman would see to it that I didn't serve a day of my sentence. When I refused and demanded my release, he said:

"All right, Paul; I'll have to take you to the Mercer County jail."

Mercer County is the one that includes the city of Trenton, where I lived.

FIRST he drove me to the rear of his house in Mount Holly, and said he would go in and telephone Sheriff Bradley in Trenton. I asked him if he meant Bert Bradley, and he said, "Yes." Then he added, more to himself than to me:

"I wonder if he is O. K."

"Just turn me over to him," I said. "That's all I ask."

"But is he a Republican or a Democrat?"

"What difference does that make?"

Parker didn't answer that one, but disappeared into the house. When he came out, he said he couldn't get Bradley, but had got Kirkham. Now, Jim Kirkham, who occupied the same position in Mercer County that Parker did in Burlington County, was an old friend of Parker. He was doubtless considered "O. K."

Anyway, we were to meet him at White Horse on the county line, where the transfer was to be made. It was then about nine thirty in the evening of Saturday, March 28.

On the way over, Parker made one last attempt to have me sacrifice myself for his sake.

"You'll be sorry," he said, when I again refused.

"All I need," I said, "is ten minutes' conversation with David Wilentz."

"You'll have a murder charge pinned on you before you get to him!"

With Wendel's account of his midnight deliverance from the jail by Attorney General Wilentz, and of his part in the rounding up of his actual kidnapers and torturers in Brooklyn, his revelations will be concluded next week.

You're going through the worst winter months right now—

Is your general *resistance* good?

This is to remind you that next month—February—is the worst time of year for winter conditions. That's when they're likely to be more severe and to last longer than at any other time.

Studies have been made to help people avoid these common, winter discomforts by finding out exactly which months of winter are the most hazardous. They point to a definite relation between the prevalence of these conditions at *the end* of winter and the *low general resistance* so many people have then.

Has that been your experience? Is your general resistance low after a strenuous winter? If so, there's no need to wait until you're affected. Begin *now* to prepare yourself for the weeks just ahead!

Taking something *every day* to help build general resistance is a first step. And to many people, that means taking *Adex*.

Adex will give you Vitamin A, which contributes *more than any other vitamin* to good general resistance. It also provides extra "sunshine" Vitamin D.

Both vitamins come from *natural* sources like cod and halibut liver oil. Begin now with Adex and take it *every day*. Have it at your breakfast place regularly. Get Adex at any drug store. Made by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists since 1858.

ADEX

The modern way for adults to take Vitamins A and D

One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

To the Ladies

by

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

POPEYE THE SAILOR found his radio voice in Mexico.

Floyd Buckley vocalizes Popeye for the Columbia Broadcasting Company (Station WABC) and this is what Buck says:

"In Mexico, years ago, I met an old Yankee trapper whose nickname was 'Foghorn.' He had the deepest and *croakingest* voice you can imagine. Just for fun I've made a hobby of imitating him ever since. When the radio people wanted to put Popeye on the air, they tried two thousand other voices—then somebody remembered my take-off of old Foghorn. They called me up, asked me to do it for them over the telephone. I got the job."

Buck is a Spanish War veteran; has been a seal hunter in Labrador, a banjo player on the road with an itinerant medicine man, a movie actor with Pearl White in the days of silent pictures.

"I like rare beefsteak for breakfast," he said. "All my family are meat eaters. As children we used to swipe raw hamburger instead of jam or cookies. I almost never eat spinach."

One Christmas he played Santa Claus for his own kids. Climbed up the chimney, then tried to get down. A hook in the chimney caught his red pants and left him hanging there. His kids had to haul him out by the feet—which more or less finished their belief in Santa.

● A young South American, new to our country and language, made the acquaintance of a girl who lived in a boardinghouse. The boardinghouse is conducted by a lady who gives singing lessons in her spare time. One day the young South American came to call on his girl. The boardinghouse lady went to the door—asked him what he wanted. He was confused—and before he knew what had happened he was taking his first singing lesson.

He is still taking them—and still calling on the same girl. I am told he has an excellent voice. This is one of those situations in which the outcome is difficult to foresee.

FLOYD BUCKLEY

He may become a fine singer—or a swell lover.

● Christmas story from the life of a prominent politician (sorry I can't disclose his name). As a Christmas present for his little girl he had a rocking horse made up out West—had it custom-made from the spotted hide of a real pinto pony. By some mishap of transportation the tail was missing when the toy horse reached him. The politician, unable to match the tail at the stores, finally took a pair of scissors and went walking along the water front among the truck horses. Every time he found one of the right color he snipped off part of its tail. Took the hairs home and glued them on to his little girl's rocking horse. The man who did that is now the *governor* of an important state.

● The desperation of late Christmas shopping leads us inevitably to perfume for the girls, to neckties for the men. Even in this nightmare mood we should still keep our heads. Bath salts are always welcome in conventional scents—verbena, or lavender, or geranium, if you don't know her special favorite. Give him a tie of solid blue or brown or wine or gray. *Don't* give him a tie that looks like a cross between a zebra and a rainbow. You can't go wrong with plain gifts that are always in good taste.

● Whatever the number of our years may be, we girls just cannot tell the truth about our age.

I know a sweet old lady of ninety-four who claims she is ninety-six. Pride, at her stage of the game, derives from being older instead of younger. But the fib exasperates her daughter, aged seventy. The daughter still wants to seem as young as possible, so *she* does a little fibbing too. She says: "Mama forgets. Actually, you know, mama is only eighty-eight."

● What are you going to give your *husband* for Christmas? Let me offer a couple of last-minute book suggestions. Is he a golfer? Fifty Years of American Golf, by H. B. Martin, costs five dollars. . . . Is he transport-minded—interested in railroads, autos, airplanes, etc.? For two dollars you can buy him Merrill Denison's new book, Advancing America. (Both published by Dodd, Mead & Co.)

● How about a *spiced round of beef* from which cold snacks may be cut for the crowd of friends and relatives who drop in at all hours during Christmastime? Spiced beef has the holiday flavor, doesn't cost a lot, isn't too hard to make.

Use a lean flat piece, about 6 pounds. Pickle in 3 quarts water with 1 pound salt, 2 cups vinegar, 1 cup brown sugar, ½ ounce saltpeter. Keep 3 days in icebox. Wipe dry, sprinkle with 1 teaspoon each of black pepper, ginger, clove, nutmeg, and ½ teaspoon mace. Roll into good round shape, tie and skewer firmly, place in covered baking dish, add 1 cup port wine and ½ cup the pickling liquid. Tuck 3 thicknesses patapar paper over meat, cover the dish, and bake 3 to 4 hours in slow oven. When done, lay the beef on a wooden board with a weighted board on top. Leave until cold.

Out of the Past—Pageantry and a Painter

Eighteenth-Century England and a Seventeenth-Century Dutchman Lure the Films into Some Colorful Byways of History

by
BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★★★½ LLOYDS OF LONDON

THE PLAYERS: Freddie Bartholomew, Madeleine Carroll, Sir Guy Standing, Tyrone Power, C. Aubrey Smith, Virginia Field, Douglas Scott, George Sanders, J. M. Kerrigan, Una O'Connor, Forrester Harvey, Gavin Muir, E. E. Clive, Miles Mander, Montagu Love, Arthur Hohl, Robert Greig, Lumsden Hare, Murray Kinnell, Billy Bevan, Georges Renevant, Ivan Simpson, Holmes Herbert, John Burton, Lester Matthews, Vernon Steele, Charles McNaughton, Leonard Mudie. Screen play by Ernest Pascal and Walter Ferris from a story by Curtis Kenyon. Directed by Henry King. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox.

A HISTORIC pageant with color and drama is this sweeping cinematic canvas of the House of Lloyd in the dying days of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries. Here you have a stirring document of the British underwriting syndicate which originated in the London coffee house of Edward Lloyd and grew to become a world force in the mercantile shipping business.

History and fancy are mingled, for the story concerns two chums, one a poor scullery lad, the other destined to be hero of an empire. The first, the fanciful Jonathan Blake, joins Lloyds and finds a way to stabilize shipping interests with methods as modern as any of today; the other finds lasting fame as the Viscount Horatio Nelson, hero of Trafalgar. The first, too, encounters a bittersweet romance with the lovely lonely wife of a disreputable lord, a romance which lends a colorful dramatic interest to the historic panorama.

While Freddie Bartholomew is appealing enough as the childish Jonathan Blake, the real punch of the film is the unexpectedly fine performance of Tyrone Power as the grown-up Jonathan, the first costume business hero we recall encountering in pictures. Power brings to the part an unexpected poise, assurance, and charm.

Madeleine Carroll is the lovely lady in distress, the beautiful wife of the dissolute Lord Everett Stacy. And fine performances are contributed by Sir Guy Standing as John Julius Angerstein, one of the real founders of the House of Lloyds, by C. Aubrey Smith as the amiable rake Lord Queensberry, and by Virginia Field as the buxom Lloyds barmaid.

Henry King's direction is imaginative and painstaking, nicely balancing history and fiction. A worthy dramatic example of camera pageantry, and highly interesting all the way.

VITAL STATISTICS: Lloyds writes policies to the tune of $100,000,000 a year against the disruption of the film industry, and topsy-turvy though Hollywood be, Lloyds considers it a good risk. Lloyds has written a health-and-accident policy on Shirley Temple, insuring her against everything except war and serious injury due to her getting cockeyed. Ben Turpin used to have his cockeyes insured against uncrossing; Virginia Weidler's pigtails became so valuable Lloyds wrote a policy on them; while Joan Crawford had her two dachshunde insured for $3,000 against poisoning. Darryl Zanuck insured The Country Doctor in the making for $2,000,000 against quins, sexties, or septies turning up outside Callander. Appropriately enough, Lloyds of London was insured for a million against production delay or sickness, but studio had no cause to collect on policy. Nearest thing to an accident came when a bursting lamp caused two horses to bolt with a carriage containing Maddie Carroll. However, light cables tripped and stopped the horses before any one could fetch out the policy. Only other accident came when during back-lot Battle of Trafalgar bombardment some gunpowder set fire to a sail which wrapped itself round face of innocent bystander Ass't Director Hall. In fact, in 247 years, with a premium income close to $150,000,000, Lloyds has never failed or missed a payment, including the $5,000,000 paid Fox on death of Will Rogers, very unhappy money to pay and receive. Best thumbnail description of Lloyds: A club of good losers who make money by shouldering the risks of bad losers. . . . Picture researched by Oxford highbrow Blake Warwick-Owensmith, who looked in 68 books, typed 450 single-spaced pages on whiskers modes of period, photostated 1,250 illustrations. Hardest job was to select mugs from Central Casting to match historicals like Johnson, Boswell, Nelson, Franklin. Franklin was picked to match the face on the one-cent stamp, turning out to be one Tom Pogue. Practically all cast was British, excepting Tyrone Power, while Sir Guy Standing, only titled Englishman in cast, played only American in the cast—or don't you care to tie that? . . . Tyrone Power pronounces it Tih-rone; he's dropped the original Jr.; and Twentieth-Fox expects him to be the answer to M-G-M's Bobbie Taylor. His father was a great actor and for years Tyrone could always gain admission to B'way producer offices because of his father's name—but had difficulty getting work. Down to a small allowance, his father having died, Tyrone got an understudy part in Flowers of the Forest. It's been clear sailing ever since. He's unmarried, gals, though Sonja Henie claims his attention. . . . Marie-Madeleine Carroll's castle in Spain is just fifty miles from Barcelona. Please consult papers for its safety. . . . Despite he's seventy-odd, C. Aubrey Smith plays his first philanderer in years. Took him a little time to get his naughty wink back. . . . Pretty Virginia Field reads six books a week, one French, one German, and four in English or American. Miles Mander used to direct Maddie Carroll in England; is discoverer of Merle Oberon; has been trying to surmount Hollywood in past year, and comes out of this with a four-way contract. . . . All sea battling done on peaceful sun-drenched back lot of Twentieth-Fox lot—or am I disillusioning you? . . . Screenarist Ernest Pascal used to be an honest novelist before he sold his body to the celluloid gristmills.

Madeleine Carroll and Tyrone Power from a scene in Lloyds of London.

★★½ REMBRANDT

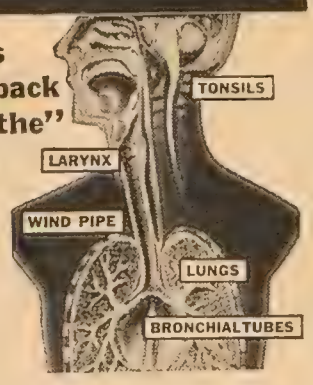
THE PLAYERS: Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, Gertrude Lawrence, John Bryning, William Fagan, Herbert Lomas, Roger Livesey. Script by Carl Zuckmayer. Directed by Alexander Korda. Produced by London Films-United Artists.

THIS English-made biography has everything but dramatic interest—including a star who has done such fine things as the harsh fanatic disciplinarian Captain Bligh in Mutiny on the Bounty, a historic story about a painter who had a profound and lasting influence on art, and the able direction of Alexander Korda. For all that, the result is arty but dull, lacking all the conventional appeals.

The picture takes you along the picturesque career of the seventeenth-century Dutch master, Rembrandt van Rijn, from the death of his beloved Saskia, through his second marriage with the faithful Hendrickje,

Relieve COUGHS quickly by "Moist-Throat" Method

Get your throat's moisture glands back to work and "soothe" your cough away



THE usual cause of a cough is the drying or clogging of moisture glands in your throat and windpipe. When this happens, heavy phlegm collects, irritates. Then you cough. The quick and safe way to relief is by letting Pertussin stimulate those glands to pour out their natural moisture. Sticky phlegm loosens, is easily raised. You have relief!

Get after that cough today—with Pertussin. *Over 1,000,000 prescriptions for Pertussin were filled in one year.* This estimate is based on a Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by American Pharmaceutical Association.

30¢ *Prescription* FREE

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"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF
COUGH RELIEF

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Scheck & Kade, Inc., 440 Washington St., N. Y. C.
I want a Free trial bottle of Pertussin—quick!

Name_____

Address

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Dr. T. J. RASTELLI
London Physician

Dr. T. J. Rastelli, well-known physician and surgeon of London, England, says: "The chief way your body cleans out acids and poisonous wastes in your blood is thru 9 million tiny, delicate Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs." If functional Kidney or Bladder disorders make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Backache, Circles Under Eyes, Dizziness, Rheumatic Pains, Acidity, Burning, Smarting or Itching, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription called Cystex. $10,000.00 deposited with Bank of America, Los Angeles, California, guarantees Cystex must bring new vitality in 48 hours and make you feel years younger in one week or money back on return of empty package. Telephone your druggist for guaranteed Cystex (Siss-tex) today.

SEE NEW YORK in 3 DAYS for only $11.00!

This low price (for 2 in a room) includes deluxe room accommodations and meals at the new, 26-story HOTEL PICCADILLY (heart of Times Sq.) Dinner and entertainment at the famous Hollywood or Paradise Carbaret. Admission to "Radio City" Music Hall. Sightseeing Trip around N. Y. RCA Observation Tower in Rockefeller Center, or—a complete guided tour of the NBC Broadcasting Studios. Also 4-5-6 day tours. Write for reservations NOW! Address L-Tour Dept., Suite 231, 227 West 45th Street, New York City.

SORE, RHEUMATIC MUSCLES

Say goodbye to messy liniments and salves, that have to be smeared on every few hours to be effective. The new treatment for sore, aching muscles is Allcock's Porous Plaster, that stays on until pain is all gone. One Allcock's Plaster lasts days and days without further thought. The blood is gently drawn to the painful rheumatic area, and the muscles are massaged as you move. No rubbing. Nothing smelly or sticky. Allcock's is pleasant. Easy on, easy off when pain is gone. 5 million users testify that Allcock's is marvelous for backaches, arthritis pains, chest colds. 25¢ at druggists. **ALLCOCK'S**

past all his spendthrift vicissitudes of bankruptcy and debts, to a childish, discredited, lonely old age. Maybe the camera centers too much upon the craftily limned exterior of the improvident genius, fine artist, and business incompetent. There is too little of what goes on behind the Rembrandt mustachios, too little humanness in this shallow portrait of a great man.

Laughton's Rembrandt is a *tour de force* that doesn't come off, we regret to report. Elsa Lanchester's Hendrickje is weak, too, and Gertrude Lawrence is miscast as the artist's shrewish housekeeper. One bit, of an old Amsterdam beggar, by Roger Livesey, stands out.

VITAL STATISTICS: With lives of Chopin, Van Gogh, Wagner, a few Strausses, da Vinci, Poe, Mike Angelo, and a passel o' artistic others coming up, Rembrandt, English made, is a forerunner of a film siege of culture. Many of these gents have been deathlessly embedded in celluloid before—but mostly in two-reelers, frightfully dull, and played by very ancient hams. . . . With Korda directing, opinion is that the artistic dead may rest comfortably in their graves, Korda having an un-Hollywooden conscience about truth. Trouble is, Korda will direct no more after this: intends to devote all his time to producing and supervising. Korda's a Hungarian. He made a pretty bad hash of John Erskine's Helen of Troy for Hollywood; got imported by England, where he became biggest spender of them all, biggest money-maker, and biggest film shot. Rembrandt's his own idea. He made up a budget of $980,000 for it, caused much wincing but finally had his way, making this highest-price British film yet. . . . All paintings in the picture are photographic blowups of the real Rembrandts in spite of fact Holland and London art dealers offered their millions-of-dollars collections. Korda refused them because he didn't want to run risks. . . . Frank Wells, son of H. G., did the chief research on this. . . . For outdoor snow scenes, instead of importing hunks of snow-covered area from the Alps to London, Korda was content to sprinkle 45,000 square feet of studio with phony snow made from a saltlike compound formula that only Korda knows and which can be dry-cleaned and made to snow over and over again. . . . Chollie Laughton sneered at phonies, grew those long flowing handlebar mustaches and that long hair. He used make-up only for few last scenes when he's an old man, and his costumes throughout the entire picture cost but a hundred dollars! . . . Picture was made in England. You guess if everybody knocked off for tea at four. . . . Not unusual for Prince George, the Maharajah of Indore, Princess Elizabeth, Winston Churchill, and King Edward to visit the set in one day. . . . Do you think Rembrandt could thrive in a world of technicolor?

★ ★ ½ SINBAD THE SAILOR

Color cartoon produced by Max Fleischer for Paramount release.

YOUR Beverly Hills always is interested in ingenious shorts. Donald Duck is our ideal hero. Mickey Mouse holds a sacred spot in our affections. Now comes Popeye, the newspaper cartoon strip hero, in Fleischer color comics done in a new "third-dimension process." In brief, an effect of depth and distance.

The redoubtable Popeye encounters the redoubtable Sinbad on a tropical island where the Arabian Nights hero has been presiding over the savage inhabitants. Spinach tells in the long run—but we shouldn't tell you the denouement. All this doesn't approach the brilliantly imaginative activities of Master Duck or Maestro Mouse—but it is something new in eighteen-minute shorts. We like best the two-headed giant who talks to himself.

VITAL STATISTICS: Popeye's pop, E. C. Segar, popped into the world in 1894 at Chester, Illinois. At eighteen he took a correspondence course in cartooning, graduated with a big gilt diploma, then promptly had his first efforts shot back by editors. So he ground the projection

Johnny Wideawake

« changes his mind »

WHO YOU WRITIN' TO—MARLENE DIETRICH?
NO MISTER WISE-GUY... I'M ANSWERING AN AD THAT SAYS I CAN WIN SOME SKATES.
U S MAIL
OH BOY! LOOKIT ALL THE KEEN PRIZES THEY GIVE!
THIS IS A GREAT NICKLES WORTH, JOHNNY—YOU CAN BRING ME A COPY EVERY WEEK
THANKS MRS. MARTIN—I'VE GOT LOTS OF STEADY CUSTOMERS
HOT CHA!
WELL—I HAVEN'T SEEN ANY SKATES, YET
NO?—WELL THAT'S BECAUSE I HAVEN'T GOT 'EM..... I SAW HOW EASY IT WAS SELLING LIBERTY I DECIDED TO GET A BICYCLE FIRST.

How would you like to be able to choose a bicycle, a pair of skates, or any of the more than 480 prizes shown in our big illustrated catalog? All you have to do is mail in the coupon below, just as Johnny did, and we'll send you a catalog *Free* and also full information as to how you can win prizes *and make money too!*

You can win a bike or a camera or basketball equipment or anything you want . . . and money, too! Fill out and mail coupon at once.

Liberty Magazine, *Boy Sales Division,* L 1-2-37
1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Please tell me how I can become a Boy Salesman and make money and win prizes.

NAME.....AGE....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

Have your parents show approval by signing here:

.....

FREE
beautiful guide map "L" of New York City.
Rates from $2.50 *for two*
Hotel EMPIRE
BROADWAY at 63rd STREET, N.Y.

machine in the local cinema, played trap drums in an orchestra, painted houses, worked up to sign painting, window-dressed the local Bon Ton Shoppe, made snapshots of the town kiddies. In time (at twenty) he got a job on the Chicago Herald through R. F. Outcault, who drew Buster Brown; cartooned for it till it went broke. King Features got him two years later (1919), sat him down with pad and pencil, and he thought up Thimble Theater. Olive Oyl was his first creation, then Ham Gravy, equipped with a nose like a banana because Segar was eating one at time. Then came Castor Oyl, Olive's goofy brother, who invented safety dynamite which wouldn't explode and everlasting coal which was fireproof. Castor Oyl got a boat with a hole in the bottom where it didn't show, signed on Popeye, a sailorman, one day, and said gent with the bulging muscles, taste for spinach, battering disposition, and battered English soon bopped poor Castor out of existence and swept the world into hysteric adulation. Popeye's speech was product of Segar's young daughter, about seven at the time and given to saying "susprising" things, dropping letters here, adding them there. Segar disdains a ghost but does

Get Your Breakfast-Table News the Night Before!

Paul Sullivan, rapidly becoming one of the best known and most widely followed news commentators, speaks over WLW from Monday to Friday nights at 11 P. M., E. S. T., and 10 P. M., C. S. T. Get the latest news before you go to bed by tuning in on WLW, Cincinnati, the nation's station, 700 kilocycles on the dial.

Don't Miss Liberty's New Radio Feature!

every bit of his drawing himself. Segar does not animate Popeye, however, leaving that to Max Fleischer. Just collects royalties for that. . . . Max Fleischer works with three brothers to produce his animated splendidities. He's Austrian born, B'klyn educated. During war started animation when he drew illustrated gun innards working for recruits. Got idea for animation while cartooning and art-editing for B'klyn Daily Eagle, and was early pioneer in same—or don't you remember his Out of the Inkwell, Bouncing Ball Songs, Talkertoons? Has made with staff about 3,000,000 individual cartoons or about 1,000 miles of film in his day, or about 100 years of hard work for an artist. . . . Jack Mercer is the voice of Popeye, Mae Questal is Olive Oyl, and both of them are satisfied with anonymity as long as the checks roll in.

★★ WANTED: JANE TURNER

THE PLAYERS: Lee Tracy, Gloria Stuart, Judith Blake, John McGuire, Frank M. Thomas, Patricia Wilder, Barbara Pepper, Willard Robertson, Aileen Pringle, Irene Franklin, Paul Guilfoyle. Screen play by John Twist from a story by John Twist and Edmund Hartmann. Directed by Edward Killy. Produced by RKO Radio.

THE G-men have some more rivals. For the P-O men are good, too. We mean the post-office inspectors. Here Inspector Lee Tracy, with a flip and pretty department aide, Gloria Stuart, gets his men after crossing country to Los Angeles. The trapping is done with the aid of small advertisements in the newspaper personal columns. Not a thriller, this has a lively pungent quality—and is good melodrama, thanks to Tracy's brisk personality, Miss Stuart's neat aid, and some excellent bits, including a tough gangster by Paul Guilfoyle and a hard-boiled Juliet who uses the want ads to defraud susceptible would-be swains. This last bit is brightly done by Irene Franklin, not so long ago an idol of the vaudeville halls.

VITAL STATISTICS: Gloria Stuart's not only a native son—I mean dotter—but her maw's a native dotter herself. Moreover, Gloria was born on the 4th of July! she can cook! she's an outdoor gal! has been twice married! has a powerful lot behind a broadish brow! . . . Lee Tracy tried to drop his fast-talking manner in Sutter's Gold but found the people just won't have him as anything but a machine-gun chatterer. He's of Atlanta, you know. . . . Irene Franklin, who used to wow them in vodvil with Redhead, and I Want to Be a Janitor's Child, at $3,000 a week, has had considerable hard pulling in recent years and is making a comeback in this. . . . Judith Blake used to be Ann Preston and before that she used to be Shandell Kalish, her original. Trouble's been to find a name that fits her personality—you know how 'tis—or don't you? She's married to Charles Freeman, director; is 5 feet, 98 pounds, and not related to Bertha Kalish, the greatie. . . . Technical adviser was postal clerk Arthur Kistner, who writes on the side but sticks with the post office to play safe financially. He used to be a newsboy; came to Cal. to make good; got into the post office because it was safe. Is he cautious! But I like men of his stamp! . . . Aileen Pringle used to be Hollywood star and leading intellectual light at once. Talkies did for her. She gave up her salon; has been taking it easy around world for past years. Hopes to establish the mature type of Duse again. . . . Postal scenes taken at L. A. Post Office (the Gift of Roosevelt) and cops stationed to keep off sightseers rubbernecked so much themselves, actors lost their make-up cases, hats, powder puffs, etc., to souvenir hunters.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Winterset, The Texas Rangers, Romeo and Juliet, Nine Days a Queen, The Green Pastures.

★★★½—Love on the Run, Three Men on a Horse, The Charge of the Light Brigade, Libeled Lady, The Big Broadcast of 1937, La Kermesse Héroïque, Dodsworth, Valiant Is the Word for Carrie, Swing Time, Girls' Dormitory, Sing, Baby, Sing, San Francisco, The Road to Glory.

★★★—The Garden of Allah, Pete Smith Shorts, The President's Mystery, The Gay Desperado, Ramona, The Devil Is a Sissy, How to Vote, Court of Human Relations, Draegerman Courage, Lady Be Careful, Stage Struck, To Mary—With Love, My Man Godfrey, The Bride Walks Out, The White Angel, The Poor Little Rich Girl.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 20

1—Alfonso XIII, former King of Spain.
2—Edward G. Robinson, cinema actor.
3—Edgar Allan Poe's The Raven.
4—Beyond the Horizon (1920).
5—The long-eared owl. The horned viper.
6—From "lazy" or unexercised cattle, according to experiments conducted by Professor Sleeter Bull at the University of Illinois.
7—About one out of four.
8—Sir Gilbert Parker (1862-1932).
9—Clams.
10—Zechariah; Zechariah 9:17, R. V.—". . . grain shall make the young men flourish, and new wine the virgins."
11—Only four.
12—Tome, tomb.
13—Meteors.
14—Liberty Enlightening the World, the statue of the Goddess of Liberty on Bedloe Island in New York harbor.
15—The Laurentians.
16—Because of the layer of fatty tissue under the skin, which also accounts for feminine roundness.
17—Fourteen dollars.
18—Alfred Bernhard Nobel (1833-96), whose fortune made possible the Nobel prizes.
19—In 1770, when first used as an eraser or rubber.
20—

Charles Riehl

ON Philco Automatic Tuning models the call letters of your favorite American stations appear right on a dial . . . similar to that on an automatic telephone. You choose your station . . . twirl the dial *just once. CLICK* . . . there's your station . . . tuned with absolute perfection!

And on these models . . Philco also provides the *Foreign Tuning System,* which names and locates overseas stations by name . . . and working with the Philco High-Efficiency Aerial more than doubles the foreign stations you can enjoy.

See, hear, *try* Philco Automatic Tuning at your Philco dealer's. You'll find him listed in the classified telephone directory. Buy, if you choose, on the Philco Commercial Credit Easy Payment Plan.

PHILCO 10X*
$125
Less Aerial
**Sold only with Philco High-Efficiency Aerial to insure greatest foreign reception.*

PHILCO

A Musical Instrument of Quality

HOME RADIOS . . . $20 *to* $600
AUTO RADIOS $39.95 *to* $77.60

Philco Replacement Tubes Improve the Performance of Any Radio

A REAL HOLLYWOOD CONTRACT

and $1,000 IN CASH

for Amateurs Who Can Make a Real Movie!

Liberty, through special arrangement with the mighty M-G-M Studios, brings to amateur movie makers the greatest opportunity in Hollywood history. Anyone, anywhere, who owns or can borrow a 16-mm. or an 8-mm. movie camera can win professional recognition and a Hollywood career in the

LIBERTY-PETE SMITH AMATEUR MOVIE CONTEST

It offers threefold opportunity (1) to amateurs who can demonstrate ability in camera technique; (2) to those who possess talent for direction and mounting; and (3) to those who, before the camera, express screen personality or acting ability.

Choice of subject matter is limited only by your own imagination. In every town and in every neighborhood is a wealth of material for your camera—a gang of children, a dog or other animal, interesting people or occupations, oddities of science or nature—in fact anything and everything that lends itself to dramatization, provided it is INTERESTING.

Remember that this is a sincere search for talent, that every entry will receive thorough consideration by top-ranking experts, and that the number of entries to be paid $500 for reproduction, as provided by Rule 4, is limited only by the merit of the entries received.

"WANTED—A MASTER"

The first amateur effort ever to reach the screen, and the film which inspired this contest, was brought to Pete Smith, famous impresario of M-G-M short films, by two youthful amateurs, shown above with Pete himself. When you see the simple story of Kiwi, a dog who does all the acting in their film, you'll see how simple it is to prepare a successful contest entry. Contestants may acquaint themselves with the large variety of subjects and treatments accorded Pete Smith Specialties by viewing this and others of this series which will be shown from week to week during the contest period

AT LOCAL THEATERS

The RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation, their affiliated corporations, or members of their families.
2. All entries submitted must be not less than 200 nor more than 300 feet in length in 16-mm. or 8-mm. film.
3. Entries will be judged on the basis of *audience interest*, originality of subject matter, and effectiveness of technique.
4. In the accompanying table of awards, Liberty and Metro are to pay $500 cash to the winner. Metro reserves the right to select additional entries, to be reproduced in full or *in part*, upon payment of $500 for each and every entry so selected. The number of entrants so selected is limited only by the merit of the entries received. The next *six* best entries, who are designated as *runners-up* but whose entries will not be reproduced, will receive the amounts set forth in the prize schedule in the order of their excellence.
5. Subjects must be in black-and-white film and may be either fact or fiction.
6. Subjects may be cast with actual characters or such roles re-enacted by amateur actors as circumstances warrant.
7. Subtitles are to be used to maintain continuity, but these are to be kept to a minimum.
8. The judges will be Pete Smith and Fred C. Quimby of Metro, and Fulton Oursler of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.
9. Metro shall have the right to change, adapt, add to, or take from the selected entries as it sees fit.
10. Metro is to have all motion-picture and all other rights in and to the amateur movies selected in this contest, and shall have the right but not the obligation to remake same as Pete Smith Specialties, to be distributed throughout the world by Metro, and may copyright such in its own name.
11. The material submitted by the entrant must be wholly original, must not be libelous, and its full use granted Liberty and Metro must not violate any rights of others.
12. The material submitted by an entrant may be similar in many respects to pictures submitted by other entrants, and if an entrant's picture is not selected for reproduction, such entrant agrees that he will not at any time assert, or attempt to assert, any claim that any material contained in his picture has been used in any photoplay which later may be produced by Metro.
13. Send all entries, prepaid and legally packaged, addressed to Pete Smith-Liberty Amateur Movie Contest, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Any entries sent to Metro direct will automatically serve to disqualify same in this contest. No entries will be returned.
14. This contest closes on February 27, 1937, and entries received later than this date will not be considered. Winners are to be announced in the April 10 issue of Liberty.

The PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
FOUR PRIZES, Each $50	200

CLIP HERE

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OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

This entry blank must accompany each entry submitted in the Pete Smith-Liberty Amateur Movie Contest.
The undersigned by signing below hereby states:

1. That he has read the rules of this contest and agrees to be bound thereby.
2. That he grants the full use of the entry to Liberty and Metro.
3. That the entry submitted herewith is wholly original, that it is not libelous, and its full use, as herein granted, will not violate any rights of others.

NAME .....
(Signature must be in ink)

STREET .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

Mal Stevens (left), N.Y.U. coach, and Fordham's Jim Crowley. They canceled each other's trip to the Rose Bowl.

Football and Roses or, There's Many a Slip

A Famous Veteran of "4 Horsemen" Days Muses on an Athletic Heaven He Almost Reached Again This Year

by

JIM CROWLEY

Head Coach, Fordham University

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

THE Kentucky Derby, the World Series, the Olympic Games — and the Bowl. They represent the ultimate in sporting endeavor, the goals of the mighty and the athletic heaven of the elite. And, like the road to heaven, the path to each is strewn with pitfalls so that he who reaches his objective can thumb his nose at the devils, hobgoblins, leprechauns, and the like who tried to halt his progress.

Just getting to the Rose Bowl is a feat of tremendous stature, and to win there stamps the team as one of America's best. Another Rose Bowl game is upon us, so I would like to doff my hat gently to the men who made the grade and will meet at Pasadena.

Full well do I know how terrific a job it is to carry on through a season and right out to California's sunshine. Henceit is with deep respect that I pay my own personal tribute to the University of Pittsburgh and the University of Washington.

There is a glamour and an appeal to the Rose Bowl that no other football game can have. The Army-Navy contest has color, Yale-Harvard or California-Stanford have tradition, and other frays have something that makes them distinctive, but the Pasadena affair has all of these combined. I know, because I played in one. That was eleven years ago, when Notre Dame defeated Stanford.

There was some talk this year that I might be out there again, this time as the coach of the Fordham University eleven. Whenever I think of that, I cannot help but look back the season before, when New York University was undefeated, untied, and heading in that same California direction.

The Violet came up to its final contest of the season against Fordham with its record intact. But the pressure of the Rose Bowl was upon N. Y. U. and the Rams shattered the Pasadena hope and the Violet in the same motion with a smashing 21-0 victory.

Our rooters were still tearing down the goal posts when I walked into the New York dressing room under the Yankee Stadium stands.

Mal Stevens, the N. Y. U. coach, looked up as I entered.

"Hello, Jimmy," he said. "Nice work."

I felt a little embarrassed. "It was swell winning that ball game, Mal," I told him, "but I'm really sorry we knocked you right out of the Rose Bowl."

Mal grinned. "Don't let that bother you, Jimmy. Perhaps I'll do the same for you some day."

He did. On Thanksgiving Day this year N. Y. U. gave Fordham its only setback of the season and the bubble had burst on all Fordham's Pasadena pretensions.

That is why my admiration is so deep for those two teams who will respond to the opening kickoff on New Year's Day. I would say offhand that Rose Bowl dreams ruin more teams than any other factor. The mere thought of staying in line for the bid weighs down with growing heaviness every week of the season.

Only an outstanding team can get the nomination, and few of them can hold up under a difficult schedule that has Rose Bowl specters haunting the campus for the last few games. That tensed-up feeling frequently carries right into the Bowl itself and strange things happen there.

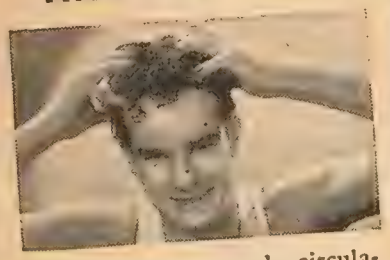
Remember Roy Riegals? He was the center of the great California team that played Georgia Tech on January 1, 1929. The Golden Tornado fumbled and Riegals picked up the ball, cut across the field, and, in eluding tacklers, lost all sense of direction. So he ran toward his own goal line, sixty yards away.

Benny Lom, a teammate, set out in pursuit. He steered Riegals around on the three-yard line, but a wave of tacklers drove him back to the one. Lom fumbled the pass the nervous Riegals whipped back from center, the kick was blocked, and Georgia Tech had a safety. And Tech won, 8 to 7.

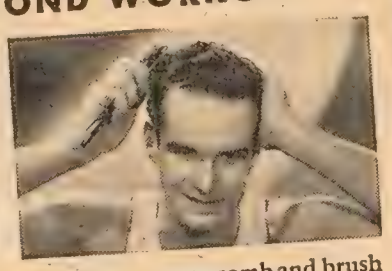
Oh, this Rose Bowl business is an awesome item to

List good-looking hair among your assets

Use VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"



● **50 SECONDS** to rub—circulation quickens—needed oils are restored—your hair has a chance!



● **10 SECONDS** to comb and brush—your hair has a lustre but no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

IT TAKES more than well-groomed hair these days to register a success--social or financial! The competition is keen. But good-looking hair can help—it rounds out the picture of the up and coming man. And on that count alone every man should know Vitalis—Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout."

When you massage Vitalis into your scalp that tight, dry skin loosens. Circulation speeds up around the hair roots. There's a healthy stimulation that helps restore the flow of natural nourishing oils.

Your hair gets a new, good-looking lustre—not a "patent-leather" shine. It feels stronger, healthier. Loose dandruff disappears. The hair roots—actual source of hair health—respond quickly to Vitalis and the invigorating "60-Second Workout." And your hair keeps looking more and more alive as you give it this sensible treatment. It's smooth, natural. It stays where you comb it. Start your own "60-Second Vitalis Workout" today.

Ask your Barber

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. He is recommending Vitalis in the new single-application Sealtube. It is the *most sanitary* package ever made. Be sure to get a Sealtube.

VITALIS

HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

have hanging over one's head! But, like every other situation where there is tension, some little thing is likely to turn the tide sharply in the other direction.

There was one of these so-called "little things" that broke the pressure that was weighing down Notre Dame the time I played in the Bowl. We were much too keyed up and we had the grievous misfortune to be meeting a Stanford team that seemed to consist principally of a fellow named Ernie Nevers.

Nevers slashed through us for gain after gain. I never thought that we'd be able to stop him.

Back we moved and then were pushed still farther back. Pleadingly we looked over at the bench for word from Knute Rockne.

Notre Dame was forced down the field to its own twenty-yard line. Rock was staring out into space, and refused to heed our beseeching glances. Then, when we were on the ten, with our backs to the goal posts, a figure jumped up from the bench, consulted hastily with Rockne, and dashed forth into the battle.

No desert-island castaways ever gazed with more frantic joy at an incoming ship than we did at the round Irish features of John McMullin when he raced out on the gridiron. Here was salvation at last.

But the rules ordain that one play must elapse before a substitute is permitted to talk to his teammates. Could we hold Nevers for that one play? Notre Dame charged in with demonic fire and checked the mighty Nevers.

Then hastily we gathered around Big John.

As one man, ten of us bellowed at once, "What did Rock say, John?"

"Rock says," declared Big John with maddening slowness, "to hold 'em."

We stared at each other, flabbergasted. Then, in the most critical moment of the entire ball game, somebody laughed. The tension was snapped and we were on our own at last. So we held them.

The point I want to emphasize is the fact that the bigger a game looms in the minds of the players, then the pressure on them becomes correspondingly heavier.

The Pasadena tournament is, after all, something of a national championship contest. It has brought into action the conservative-playing East, the pass-conscious South and Southwest, and the rugged power boys from the Midwest, all meeting the Coast behemoths in *the* football game of the year.

This year's contenders seem pretty evenly matched. Pittsburgh's coach, Jock Sutherland, is a Warner disciple, while Washington's Jimmy Phelan is a Rockne pupil. Against one Warner team, Stanford, the Huskies emerged with a tie. Against three Rockne elevens, Notre Dame, Duquesne, and Fordham, the Panthers came out with a victory, a defeat, and a tie. Take your choice—but there's one thing one should always remember about football: Anything can happen! Too often, to the grief of the coaches, it does.

THE END

COMING!

Liberty's All-Players All-America Football Team for 1936

AS in previous years, the Liberty All-Players All-America first, second, and third teams and the all-sectional teams will be selected by a method sponsored and introduced by Liberty under the directorship of Norman L. Sper, national football authority.

Two thousand two hundred football players from 110 major universities and colleges are the men who have sat in judgment for Liberty. It is these men and these men alone who determine what players are entitled to All-America honors. They know the abilities and weaknesses because they have met these men as opponents on the gridiron. These player-judges have covered more than 1,000 football games during the 1936 season.

These ratings from the player-judges are now being compiled mathematically. The resulting percentages and nothing else will decide what players rightfully have earned the honor of being named on Liberty's All-Players All-America first, second, and third teams, the honorable-mention list, and the all-sectional teams.

Who are the nation's best footballers?

Watch for the Answer in Liberty!

THUMBNAIL SKETCHES

by Millie the Manicurist

As told to DOROTHY DAY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

A HILL-BILLY CROONER GETS ONE CLIPPING — AND MISSES ANOTHER!

"If you will just give the money to Mr. Beamish here, and sign on this dotted line—"

HE came awkwardly into the barbershop at the Carson Hotel and looked around. Gus led him to my table.

"Manicure for this gentleman, Millie." He winked behind the feller's back, taking in his nifty check suit with the pleats. The hay seeds all but fell on the table!

"I want a manicure," the feller says, "with plenty of shine. I'll let you in on a little secret, ma'am," he tells me, when I get busy. "This is my first manicure."

"Stranger here?" I asks.

"Yes, ma'am. I'm from the South. I got a room and bath upstairs. Some hotel, ain't it?"

"Some," I says. "Say, are you gonna be here long?"

"Oh, sure. I'm going on the radio. I sing hillbilly songs. It's all settled, practically. I happened to meet one of them high muckamucks from the ABC broadcasting station on the train. We got to talking, and I tell him why I'm going to the city. Well, ma'am, he and the feller with him, they say as how I should sing for them. They got the porter to lend us a drawing room, and I did a couple of my songs. They tell me I'm great and they can put me right on the air. I'm settling the whole deal this afternoon," he goes on. "That's why I'm getting the manicure. I gotta look my best for J. Ashford Townsend."

"J. Ashford Townsend! Why, he's the president of the ABC, ain't he?" I says.

"That's him. That's the feller on the train. Looka." He fumbles in his pocket and drags out a card. Sure enough, there was the name printed in big black letters, with a little note on the back saying he and his assistant will come with the papers this afternoon!

"They make all kinds of money on the radio," I says.

"You bet you do. That's why I don't mind putting all my money into it to begin. You see, it takes money to make money. That's one of the first principles of big business. J. Ashford Townsend says so himself."

"But why do you have to put your own money into it?"

"For the advance publicity, see? They got to tell the world about Harvey Howell, the Hillbilly Songbird."

"Uh-huh," I says. "How much you gonna give 'em?"

"Five hundred dollars," says Harvey.

"You had an audition, Mr. Howell?" I asks him next. "Did you practice for them on the microphone?"

Harvey laughs. "Oh, nothing like that," he says.

It began to smell strongly of red herring to me. "Listen, Mr. Howell," I says. "I've always been dying to see this Mr. Townsend. Lemme come up and get a look at him. You could say I'm a friend you're taking to dinner."

"That's an idea," he says, and tells me they're coming at five o'clock, and that it's 514 on the fifth floor.

So, a little after five, I go up to 514. There was my friend the Hillbilly Songbird and two other fellers. The one who was J. Ashford Townsend was all dressed up in striped pants and a pair of eyeglasses on a black ribbon. His friend, Mr. Beamish, was a little guy with frightened eyes.

J. Ashford drags some papers out of his pocket. Then he says to Harvey in a deep and business kind of voice: "If you will just give the money to Mr. Beamish here, and sign on this dotted line—"

Mr. Beamish held out his hand and my Hillbilly says to wait a minute, the money is in the closet and he'll get it.

I had got up and now I start to leave.

"Where you going?" asks J. Ashford.

"Well, since you ask," I says, "I'm going to the ladies' nose-powdering room downstairs for a minute."

Did I dash to the telephone! I got the American Broadcasting Company almost right away. Some ritzy girl tells me Mr. Townsend is in conference. So then I asks did Mr. Townsend just get back from the South a couple of days ago. She says, "Certainly not." I dashed right out into the lobby and runs right into Hobson, one of the hotel dicks.

"Grab a pal and come with me, Hobson," I says. "I got a job for you in 514." I told him all I knew about it on the way up. Just as we get to the door of my Hillbilly's room the two men are coming out.

"What's the hurry, Mr. Townsend?" says Hobson, pushing him back inside the door along with Mr. Beamish. "Now, which of you guys has the dough?"

"I beg your pardon." It's J. Ashford, very indignant like. "Do you by any chance know whom I am?"

Hobson scratched his head. "Well, I hear your calling cards say J. Ashford Townsend. These phony quick printers ought to be put out of business." And, sudden, he grabs J. Ashford, shaking off the ribboned spectacles. He takes a good look at the feller without the glass trimmings, and whistles. "Well, I'll be! *Do* I know by any chance who you are! I'll say I do. You're Hinky Patterson, alias Stymie Wilkins, alias— Gee! I forget all the people I think you are! And at the present setting you're J. Ashford Townsend and I'm Sherlock Holmes!"

Hobson is shaking the roll out of Beamish and he and his pal drag those two skunks away. My Hillbilly looks at me like he is seeing me for the first time.

"You're wonderful!" he says. "You saved my five hundred dollars." Then he looked at those shining digits I gave him. Then he starts to smile very slow.

"It's a good thing I got this manicure today, anyway," he says, "because I'm taking the nicest girl in the world to dinner, ain't I?"

"You sure are," I says, "and to a show and a night club. We'll shoot a little of that roll. A penny saved is a penny earned. That's a principle of big business. Don't forget that."

Millie the Manicurist will tell more about her adventurous cuticle career in an early issue of Liberty.

LADY RUNCIVAL (born Isabella McKeever of Oklahoma) gives her debutante daughter, Serena, a brilliant ball the night of her introduction to Washington, D. C., society. Before it is over, Roger Loring, a promising young New Dealer, proposes to the girl and is accepted. He plans to ask formally for her hand the next day, and informs Lady Runcival he desires to call on a very important matter.

For several years Roger has been a devoted cavalier of the clever divorcee's. During the ball she has had her eye on him and Serena, and suspects what is in the wind.

The following noon, when the sleepy debutante is having breakfast in bed, her mother pays her a visit and introduces the subject of Loring. Immediately Serena confides that he and she are engaged. Her mother thinks that is utterly ridiculous and argues against any such match—he is too old, too poor for a luxury-loving girl of eighteen.

But Serena's mind is made up. Her obstinacy enrages Lady Runcival. Mother and daughter are often at loggerheads. Now the older woman hurls a bombshell. She tells Serena that Roger Loring has been her own lover!

Horrified, and without waiting to hear further from either her mother or Roger, the girl takes a plane for the Far West, and stops off at Tucson, Arizona, where she finds herself in want of money. Vainly she tries to cash a check. Without friends or funds, she becomes panicky.

Then, in her extremity, Serena meets a big-hearted waitress, Marcia Gaylord, who gets her a job in the airfield restaurant. Working there, she sees Roger Loring come in one day. Frantically she tries to run away, but he recognizes her. Marcia acts as go-between. Roger has money for her from her mother. She promises to go back home if he will not try to see her. He gives his word.

Facing her mother again, Serena insists on living alone. Lady Runcival suggests that she go to New York and stop with a relative known as "Aunt" Sarah Romeyn who lives in the East Fifties. It strikes Serena as a good idea. She wants to write a novel—and what setting could be better?

ILLUSTRATION BY EDGAR McGRAW

Seldon kept up a running fire of nonsense, and she listened and didn't bother to answer.

WISE VIRGIN

PART FOUR—A MAN CALLED RONNIE

IT was about ten days later. Serena sat at an old-fashioned desk in the living room of her "aunt's" flat in New York. The desk had been moved over by the window so that Serena could have a good light to write by. The house itself was a remodeled brownstone front perched on the bluff of one of the East River Fifties, one of the few Victorian survivals which had not yet surrendered its increasingly valuable site to the rush of fashionable Park Avenue. Aunt Sarah's flat was on the third floor—walk up—with creaky floors and sticking windows and surprisingly handsome doors that wouldn't close properly; all very inconvenient, and very smart.

From where Serena sat she could look out and watch the never-ending river traffic passing the lower end of Welfare Island, and the slow line of cars on Queensboro Bridge like a crawling chain of black ants on a limb. In the distant northeast she could see the great reaches of the Triborough Bridge. More directly in front of her, and beneath the bluff on which the house stood, was a coal wharf with tall coal pockets like grimy shoe boxes on end. Serena knew it was a coal wharf because a large sign in dirty white on a dingy black ground said, BURNS BROS.—COAL. And beneath this, set off with triumphant quotation marks, there was the legend, "BURNS COAL BURNS."

The splendid finality of this rather awed Serena the first day. But after a time she found it disturbing. The more she said it over to herself—and she could not stop saying it over to herself—the more it numbed her mind. It was, she thought, like Mark Twain's celebrated "Punch, brother, punch" jingle which drove a generation to the verge of babbling idiocy; or like a piece of chewing gum which one's weary jaws refuse to discard, though it has long since lost its flavor. Not that Serena chewed gum, of course; but on those rare and forbidden occasions

New York, a New Venture, New Heights to Scale!—A Daring Girl Challenges Life in a Vital, Compelling Novel

by

WALTON GREEN

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

of childhood when she had essayed the ungenteel delights of chicle, she had always regretted it—without being able to stop it.

So it was with the punning coal sign. She couldn't get it out of her mind or her sight. It loomed in her mental and visual foreground, blotting out Welfare Island and the huge bridges, and almost obscuring the great river itself. The wretched words leaped at her from the typewriter paper, and she found herself pecking out "Burns Coal Burns" instead of what she had intended to write.

The typewriter wasn't much of a success anyway. She could only punch with her forefingers, and the thing was very noisy and complicated and kept making unexpected jumps, and every now and then it would ring a traffic bell and startle the rest of the sentence clean out of her mind. She sent the machine back to the rental agency and went and bought herself a new and very superior fountain pen.

After this, things went much better. Serena found to her delight that writing came easily to her, not much harder, in fact, than keeping a diary, which she had done all through her adolescent and school years. The practice of committing her thoughts to paper, of setting down concisely her day's doings, had at least got her past the hurdle of pomposity and self-consciousness where so many young writers come to grief. But the diary, more and more sketchy and intermittent since leaving school, she had abandoned altogether. It had served its purpose of practice. Now that she was really writing, she must put everything of herself into the work. So thought Serena.

Serena put in four hours' work every day, sometimes all at a stretch, but more often in two or three doses—or sandwiched in between her social engagements. Occasionally she had to make up an hour or so when she got home at night, when she was tired and sleepy. But she was in earnest about it, because she determined at the outset that nothing should interfere.

THIS morning she was rather listless. She had been to a theater party the night before and to supper afterward. She was watching the river—dreamily and without much attempt at writing—when she heard her aunt's key in the lock, followed by the vigorous kick which always heralded that lady's momentary victory over the sticking door.

Miss Romeyn breezed in and dropped half a dozen sleazy paper bags on the couch—she had been shopping at the 5 and 10—and deposited herself beside them.

"Damn that door! I've spoken to the janitor a dozen times. Toss me a cigarette, Serena, there's a dear. You were still asleep when I went out this morning. What time is it? Isn't lunch ready? I'm hungry as a bear. What play did you see? Meet any one interesting? I always say there's no one interesting to meet any more. Thanks. Now the matches, please. How goes the great novel?"

Experience had taught Serena that the thing to do was to let the old girl run down, so to speak, and then pick the questions you wanted to answer.

"I did meet one attractive man. He's a little queer, I think. Robert Seldon is his name. They call him Ronnie. Do you know who he is?"

"Not offhand. Wait a minute." Miss Romeyn reached for a battered Social Register that lay on the end table. "Hmmm, here it is: Robert Lunnington Seldon. Must be Kitty Lunnington's boy. Yes, of course. Princeton '28, married Martha Cooms, whoever she may be. Never heard of her."

"She comes from the West somewhere," explained Serena. "She's learning to be a sculptress, and she lives in a made-over stable out in New Jersey, and he works in New York and only goes out week ends so that he won't

have to carry damp clay up from the cellar for her. He says she's big and strong, and that he hates the smell of wet clay. Otherwise they get along perfectly."

"I'm sure they do," said Aunt Sarah comfortably.

Serena smiled.

"He's quite fascinating. But I do think he's queer."

"Not at all," said Miss Romeyn stoutly. "People have different ideas about wet clay. They've agreed to disagree on clay, that's all. I've known some of the best people that couldn't look wet clay in the bucket. I've—"

"Stop being silly," laughed Serena.

"He may be a little eccentric, at that," admitted her aunt. "All the Lunningtons are eccentric. It was his mother's cousin—old Runyan Lunnington—it was all in the papers a few years ago, a delightful man—distinctly of the old school and so droll!"

"What was in the papers?" demanded Serena.

"He shot his butler—don't you remember? For serving him chilled claret, I think it was. He put a tablet on the dining-room floor where the wretched man fell—'Sacred to the Memory of a Faithful Servant.'"

"Aunt Sarah! Is any of that true?"

MISS ROMEYN looked solemn and shrugged her shoulders. She stood up—to her full small height of four feet eleven—and lighted another cigarette. She smoked far too much for a woman of sixty-five. She dropped her bantering tone.

"Don't get interested in married men, Serena. And don't waste time on an older man."

Serena turned and looked at her aunt for some minutes before answering. It was characteristic of her not to make an immediate rejoinder but to weigh what the other person was saying.

"But I like older men, Aunt Sarah. They're more interesting—and exciting. I mean—they really talk about things, and they don't try to pretend."

"Technique," snapped Miss Romeyn. "Nothing but technique. The older a man gets, the more dangerous he is to a young girl—up to the wheel-chair stage, of course. And I've seen so[illegible]er wheel-chair incidents, at that," she finished cryptically.

Serena pondered this.

"I don't think I could be interested in Mr. Seldon in that way," she said thoughtfully.

"And married men are the worst," continued Miss Romeyn. "They've lost their scruples—along with their illusions."

"I should think it would be just the other way round," objected Serena.

"Well, it isn't. Your average decent bachelor goes to his grave nursing the great illusion that there are good women and bad women, and that only a cad seduces good women. He may have a dozen mistresses himself, but he never discovers the great secret."

"Oh," exclaimed Serena, "what secret?"

"That women have no moral sense of their own. That no woman is any decenter than the man she loves wants her to be. So watch your step, Serena—especially with the married men. They know our secret, and they seldom want us to be decent."

"I can't believe all that," said Serena uncomfortably.

"No? Well, read the papers. Who does all the seducing and assaulting and the sex crimes generally? Isn't it almost always men with wives and half a dozen beautiful children at home?"

Serena was silent. She was thinking of Washington and of Roger Loring, and of how she had lain in his arms, and of how she had felt, and then—the thought of her mother before her. She shivered slightly and forced her mind back to the moment.

"But you've never been married yourself, Aunt Sarah." She was trying to speak lightly. "How do you know all this?"

Miss Romeyn's mood had changed again. It was impossible for the old lady's sprightly mind to be sustainedly serious.

"How do I know, forsooth? Serena, me gal, did you ever hear of a maiden aunt that didn't know more about

I DON'T CARE WHAT NOT GOING OUT
SO "ALL-IN" HE WANTED TO BE LEFT ALONE
THAT NIGHT
DON-MARY WAS TELLING ME ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST TODAY, AND HOW IT BUCKED UP PAUL. I WISH YOU'D TRY IT
WELL-I MIGHT AS WELL. LIFE CERTAINLY ISN'T WORTH LIVING THE WAY I FEEL THESE DAYS. YOU GET ME SOME TOMORROW
VITAMINS A.B.G and D

bringing up children than any mother alive? I may be a withered virgin of threescore years and worse—or I may not—"

"May not which?" asked Serena, falling in with her lightness. "Years—or virgin?"

"Ask me no questions and some day, perhaps, I'll tell you the dark story."

Serena laughed. But she thought there was an undertone of grimness beneath the older woman's raillery.

"All right, Aunt Sally, then I'll tell you *my* dark story. Mr. Seldon is coming to see me this afternoon."

Miss Romeyn emitted a mock groan.

"I might have known! Why didn't you say so? I could have saved my breath on that splendid pep talk."

"You didn't give me a chance, Aunt Sally."

"You met him last night; this morning he got divorced; and he's on his way up here now to marry you. Is that about the program of modern youth?"

"I don't suppose really modern youth would waste time on the silly divorce part, would they?" asked Serena demurely. "But seriously, Aunt Sally, I don't want you to think—I mean, he's coming to see me on business. You see, he's head reader or something with Hoadley & Knight, the book publishers, and he's interested in my novel."

Miss Romeyn groaned, but partly in relief.

"The intellectual approach. Hum. Well, let's hope it's your book and not you that he's coming to see. Ah, there's luncheon at last!"

Serena went out after lunch to do some shopping, planning to be back by four, when Seldon was due. It was nearly four thirty when she finally climbed the stairs and rang the bell.

"They's a gentleman here, Miss Runcival," the maid announced in a hoarse whisper. The announcement was a trifle superfluous, since the door opened directly into the living room, and almost on to the couch on which the gentleman was sitting.

Mr. Seldon was a large loosely knit young man with a blond pinkish face and narrow-slit peering eyes that made him look nearsighted until you saw that the peering was intended to register an intense but facetious interest in the matter under discussion. He was one of that school of pseudo-sophisticates who are at pains to let you know that they were born disillusioned, and who feel that nothing in the world, themselves included, is worth while, except to have a good bitter laugh at it all. Aside from this he was personable and likable, and wore his shaggy tweeds with proper disregard. He was very amusing—in short doses.

Serena hurried into the room.

"I'm dreadfully sorry to be late. Oh—whatever are you doing?"

WHAT Seldon was doing was obvious. Scattered sheets of manuscript lay on the couch beside him, and he was even now turning over the last page of Serena's morning output. He tapped the paper in his hand with the stem of his corncob pipe but did not get up. Bad manners were a part of the code.

"Some damn queer stuff here. Found the script lying on your desk. Hope you don't mind."

"But I do mind," said Serena, exasperated and almost blushing. "There are only a few chapters, and it's not corrected."

"Just the way I wanted to see it. See how your mind works—in the rough—y'know. Now, how about the scenario—the outline; you've got that finished?"

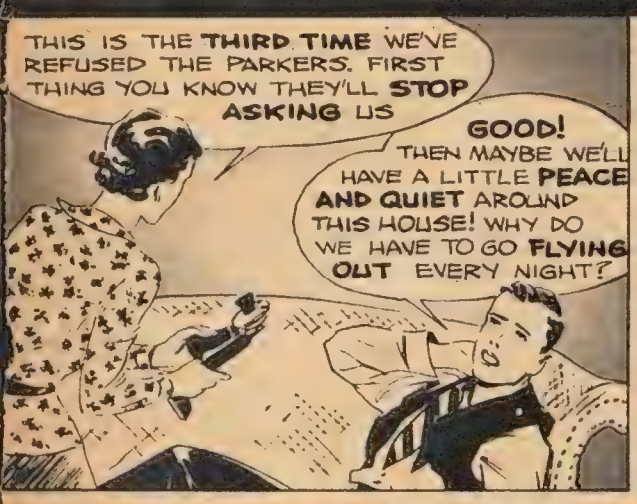
"Yes," admitted Serena reluctantly. "I began that months ago. But I've thought of some changes—just lately. I'd rather—"

"Oh—let's have a look the way it is," he persisted carelessly.

Serena hesitated. She was torn between beginner's shyness and the universal urge of the creative worker for criticism—which is to say, praise. Finally she went over to the desk, took the outline from a drawer, and handed it to him.

"I'll see about tea while you're reading it," she said constrainedly.

THEY THINK—I'M


THIS IS THE THIRD TIME WE'VE REFUSED THE PARKERS. FIRST THING YOU KNOW THEY'LL STOP ASKING US
GOOD! THEN MAYBE WE'LL HAVE A LITTLE PEACE AND QUIET AROUND THIS HOUSE! WHY DO WE HAVE TO GO FLYING OUT EVERY NIGHT?

OH, DON, THAT'S UNFAIR. WE HAVEN'T BEEN OUT ONE NIGHT IN TWO WEEKS. WHAT MAKES YOU SO CRANKY?
I'M NOT CRANKY. I'M JUST SO DARN WORN OUT I DON'T WANT TO MOVE FROM THIS SPOT FOR A YEAR!

NEXT AFTERNOON
MY, THAT WAS A REAL TREAT. DON AND I NEVER GO ANYWHERE ANYMORE. HE'S ALWAYS SO TIRED. I'M WORRIED
MAYBE HIS BLOOD IS UNDERFED- THAT'S WHAT THE DOCTOR TOLD PAUL WHEN HE WAS SO RUN-DOWN. HE TOLD HIM TO TAKE FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST- SAID IT FEEDS THE BLOOD. IT CERTAINLY PUT PAUL ON HIS FEET

FEW WEEKS LATER
IT'S ALICE PARKER. SHE WANTS US TO COME OVER AND PLAY BRIDGE. WHAT SHALL I TELL HER?
TELL HER WE'LL BE THERE IN A JIFFY-AND THAT I'M READY TO TRIM HER GOOD TONIGHT. GEE- IT SURE IS SWELL TO FEEL LIKE MY OLD SELF AGAIN-AND I CAN THANK YEAST FOR THAT!

DON'T LET UNDERFED BLOOD PULL DOWN YOUR ENERGY

PEOPLE are very apt to feel tired out at this particular time of year. When you are in this run-down condition, it usually means that your blood is *underfed*. It does not carry enough food to your muscles and nerves.

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When you find you get overtired at the least extra effort, it is usually a sign that your blood is not supplied with enough food for your tissues.

What you need is something to help your blood get more nourishment from your food.

FLEISCHMANN'S **FRESH** YEAST CONTAINS **4** VITAMINS IN ADDITION TO HORMONE-LIKE SUBSTANCES, WHICH HELP THE BODY GET **GREATER VALUE** FROM THE FOOD YOU EAT, AND **GET IT FASTER**-----

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He was already flicking over the leaves of the script, tapping the stem of his pipe against his teeth and hissing a tuneless tune—all the indications of workmanlike absorption.

"Tea?" he looked up absently. "I don't want tea—unless you've got some good rum to go in it."

"I don't think my aunt has any rum," said Serena nervously. "Sherry perhaps—and some biscuits?"

"Sherry! Ugh! Well—maybe sherry. No biscuits, thanks."

They had tea and went over the outline in detail. When Seldon stood up to go he gathered the loose sheets and pocketed them without so much as "by your leave."

"Want to take this along as it is. Show it to my boss. He'll have some ideas. Hoadley's an old stuffed shirt but he knows the racket."

"Oh," said Serena faintly, but inwardly pleased. "Then you think—I mean—it's good enough to show to him?"

"Anything's good enough to show to him. This stuff," he tapped his pocket, "is probably tripe. That's how it sounds to me." Serena felt herself growing cold and then hot. "Probably tripe. But you never can tell. I'm the world's worst reader. That's what they pay me for: boob reader. If I like a thing, they know it won't sell. And t'other way around. Anything I think is lousy they insist on reading. They don't let me at their established authors, of course. I'm just the try-it-on-the-dog guy for new writers."

"Oh," Serena was smiling, "so if the dog growls, that's a good sign?"

"Exactly. Well, I'll be seeing you."

"Wait a minute!" exclaimed Serena. Seldon peered back at her intently from the doorway. "Shall I go on with it—the way I'm going?"

"Sure. For the present. You'll have to recast and cut anyway."

"I put it down just the way it comes—the way I feel."

"The way it comes," repeated Seldon querulously, and peering irascibly at the doorjamb. "The way she feels. The beautiful young virgin writes just the way she feels. O Art, where is thy sting!"

He closed the door, and Serena could hear him clumping down the creaky stairs.

SHE did not hear from him again for several weeks. In the meantime she went briskly on with her story, both encouraged by the hope of publication and made a little self-conscious by Seldon's comments. Also, she was going out a little more. Two or three dances a week, and the usual debutante teas and receptions. She had been automatically transferred from the Washington to the New York Junior League, little as that meant, and she had for several years been a nonresident of the Cosmop. and the River. So she played squash a good deal and kept reasonably fit, which is more than most girls find time to do during their coming-out year. But then Serena's first year had been nipped in the bud of debutantism anyway, so that her present social activities in New York were a leaking out rather than a coming out.

Furthermore, and most significant of all, she found the New York men who danced attendance on the buds a sorry lot compared to the professional diplomats and filly chasers of the embassies and the State Department. The New York men who were worth being chased by were hard at work in the great business of getting ahead—with neither time nor energy for parties that began at midnight.

In New York it was the callow effluents of the ivy colleges and the brainless beaux of the stag line who formed her dancing partners, and Serena found it very boring after a bit.

The girls were much better. Many of them Serena knew already. Not a few had been at school with her at Vixenville: her roommate, Nan Roberts, the best horsewoman in her class, a quiet slight girl with lean buttocks that really fitted a saddle, and with velvety hands that could nurse a pulling hunter over the stiffest post-and-rail in Virginia. Nan wasn't riding this winter, but she and Serena played squash a good deal.

It was nearly three weeks before Serena heard from Ronnie Seldon. When he finally called up, and she recognized his querulously insistent voice, she was almost too nervous to answer. But he did all the talking for her.

"That you, Rena?" he began with an ironical assumption of intimacy. Very few people had ever called her by that detestable nickname.

"This is Serena Runcival," she began with rising anger—not at the intimacy, because that was the thing nowadays, but at the hated diminutive. Immediately she regretted her own tone, because a chuckle at the other end of the wire told her she was having her leg pulled.

"Thought that would get the wind up," she heard. "Serena's a lovely name—and all that sort of rot—and Rena's God-awful. But you're so damn dignified."

"I'm *not* dignified," she retorted furiously, and then, realizing that she was playing into his hands, "Please, Mr. Seldon, how about the—the outline?"

IMMEDIATELY his voice assumed an ultrabusinesslike cadence. "There's this about it. No final decision yet—got to see more of the story. Impression at this end favorable so far. I'm to see you and make some suggestions. What you doing this evening? Want to dine with me?"

"Oh, no," said Serena in consternation, visions of Aunt Sarah's reaction rising before her. "I—I'm dining out at nine and going on to a dance."

"Well, how about tea? Four thirty, say?"

"That would be grand."

"Have you got any money?" was the next thing she heard.

"Why—yes," she said blankly.

"Fine. Then we can go to Broccoli's. If I have to pay, we go to Childs."

By that time Serena was laughing.

"But why not come here, Mr. Seldon? Then it won't cost us anything."

"Aunt Sarah's sherry. I've had a hard day, and I want a real drink if it costs me your last cent. Broccoli's at four thirty it is."

"But listen—"

Serena jiggled the hook for some time before she realized that he had hung up.

She was a little late at Broccoli's, chiefly because she did not wish to seem eagerly punctual. Seldon was already there, with a table reserved and a briefcase lying on it.

"Came straight from the office and had to carry it along with me," he explained.

"It looks very businesslike."

"Uh-huh." He peered moodily at the briefcase. "It's covered a multitude of sins in its day."

Serena could not decide whether there was any dubious allusion in this, so she said nothing. Seldon ordered tea for her, and two cocktails and a whisky-and-soda. Serena found herself alternately sipping tea and cocktail, and thought it funny-looking but rather pleasant.

"Now here's the layout," Seldon began at once. "Hoadley wants you to go on with it. He'll put it out—on the usual per cent of gross, *plus* your agreement to take up the slack of any unsold copies of the first run. As a beginner, he thinks you ought to split the risk with him."

"Oh, yes," said Serena.

"We'll condense and edit it up a bit for you in the

LIBERTY WILL PAY $1,000

to the author of the best short short story published in its pages between August 1, 1936, and March 1, 1937. . . . To six others will go further payments, raising the total to

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The Bonuses Will Be $1,000, $500, and Five of $100 each

Authors will be designated for this honor by the editors of Liberty upon the basis of the interest, originality, and unexpectedness of denouement of their stories. This is not a contest—all writers are eligible. There are no special rules. Rejected contributions will be returned provided sufficient postage AND a self-addressed envelope are enclosed. Simply address your manuscript to Short Short Editor, Liberty, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y.

office," he continued, looking at her closely. "Your mother is fine material. Of course, that's what Hoadley thinks will sell the book. Every one from Maine to Mexico will recognize the fearless exposure of the celebrated Isabella McKeever by her own daughter."

Serena was pale. "I didn't want to do that. I don't want to be unfair to my mother. But I've never—oh, dear—I don't know what to say."

Seldon grinned maliciously.

"I pointed out to the old man that some of it was pretty close to libel. And he said, the more the better, and if you wrote your mother into suing us—and you—for libel, we'd all make a killing."

Serena was red now, and silent.

"I never thought of such things," she said finally. "I—of course the character's mostly mama, but it's other people too. You see, for years I have wanted to write this, and I've made notes and everything."

"Go to it," he broke in. "And don't pull your punches."

"But it seems such bad taste—the way you put it," she said unhappily.

"No real writer thinks of taste when he wants material," he pronounced oracularly. "Now let's have another drink, and then we'll dance."

He danced as plumpish big men so often do—astonishingly well. Serena was beginning to enjoy herself. It was the tag end of the cocktail hour, and they had plenty of room on the floor. How different this was, she thought, from the crowded floors and the vacuous stags and the interminable cutting-in by awkward boys!

Seldon kept up a running fire of nonsense as he danced, and she listened and didn't bother to answer, and loved it. And then they sat down, and she was really thirsty, and they had a long cool drink, and talked, and Serena began to feel that she was unquestionably literary and that this was living and feeling.

And then, to her consternation, she looked at her watch and found that she barely had time to get home and dress for her dinner party.

They hurried out and took a taxi. Serena was happy for the first time in many long weeks.

"That was so nice," she said. "Oh, but I feel lightheaded! Dear me—I think I ought not to have taken that last drink. Oh—I hate to go to this stupid party. I—"

"Cut the dinner," said Seldon, "and we'll go dance some more."

"Oh—I couldn't! Oh, dear! I wonder *why* I couldn't. But not in these clothes. I'd have to change first. It would be such fun. Listen, Mr. Seldon. If you'll wait in the cab for me, I'll go and change into something and telephone them I can't come to dinner. Will you?"

"Rather."

"I feel so delicious," murmured Serena. "Isn't everything lovely?"

"I oughtn't to have let you have that last drink," said Seldon self-reproachfully. "Put your head down awhile and you'll feel better."

His arm was around her shoulders. Serena stiffened, but his touch was very impersonal or big-puppyish—she couldn't decide which. She let her head sink to his breast.

"I won't bother to telephone or change," she murmured. "They won't notice if I'm at dinner or not. Can't we go where it doesn't matter how I'm dressed?"

"Rather," repeated Seldon, and leaned forward to instruct the driver. When he leaned back again Serena found herself more deeply in his arms. And presently she felt his lips brushing her hair and fumbling down toward her mouth. She lay still. She neither liked it nor disliked. After all, she thought dreamily, an authoress must live and feel.

Whither is this Bohemian "literary life" going to lead the inexperienced and trusting Serena? Is she playing with fire? And what effect will her daring novel have on her reputation? These and other momentous questions are foreshadowed for realization in the next issue of Liberty.

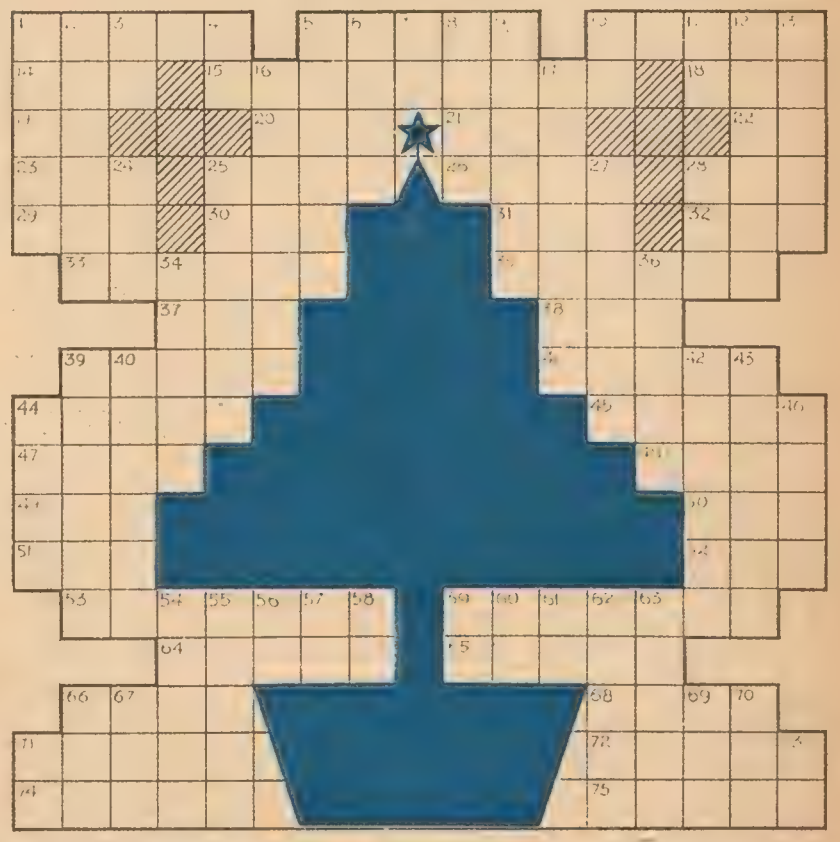
CROSSWORDS

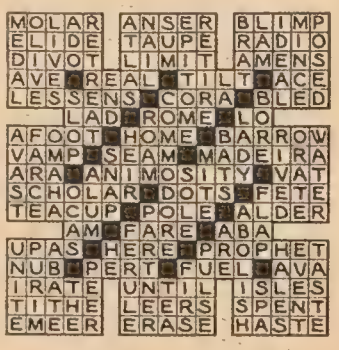
HORIZONTAL

1 He holds the bag at Christmas
5 Apples with goiters
10 California impossibilities
14 Inedible chop
15 Christmas hangover
18 The look on the face on the barroom floor
19 Samples to follow (abbr.)
20 Picked them up; laid them down
21 Pretty thing carried around by blondes but rarely used
22 Transportation's up here
23 Hesitating plugs
25 That one there (French)
26 To look like no gentleman ever did
28 Knock-knock
29 Ruff dame
30 Almanac's frontpiece
31 Electrifying crossword
32 Thith ith me and you
33 Future Gables and Lombards—they hope
35 One often sigheth when the tale doth this
37 Snagged the bacon
38 Ancient of Days
39 Christmas profiteer
41 Cheesy yodeler
44 What Cherman girls say when they don't say no
45 The janitor's Christmas present
47 Hot stuff
48 What good little boys wear before Christmas
49 What Willie washed up for the holidays
50 A quick dunk
51 Tease
52 1
53 Implement used at military weddings
59 The very Dickens of an old meanie
64 Grandma's pink spring bloomers (sing.)
65 Irish shanty
66 Way, way off
68 What mother blinds dad with every Christmas
71 These'll remind dad of Christmas months afterward
72 Red-and-green Xmas stickers
74 Kind of people who hate Christmas
75 When last seen it was in the gutter

VERTICAL

1 What you find in the wassail cup
2 Nasty old whipper-snapper
3 Gee!
4 Left side of the sun and moon
5 What David conned over religiously
6 This keeps shooting off about the Sicilians
7 He took an unimportant walk a few weeks ago
8 Where they run a clip joint for the married
9 Tufer
10 Seasonable beginning
11 What Einstein says when he gets stuck
12 Green derby for the victor
13 The dream of fat women
16 Evergreenland
17 They're not quite on the square
24 This Marks Spot in Love-Nest Killings!
25 The air at Christmas (plural)
27 Enriches
28 Stay out of this next year
34 What a contortionist likes in a story
36 Her name stands for rich gift
39 Gyps
40 Home is where this is
42 Hardened salt (two words)
43 And a salty expression
44 Chester for short
46 Brood
54 Shiners dad hung on ma for Xmas
55 What snappy stories are
56 An expression that'll move you
57 Kind of natural snake eyes is
58 Here's where you can find a cool seven million this winter (abbr.)
59 Hush yo' mouf!
60 Company, squeezed in to fit
61 He's never seen without the right tackle (abbr.)
62 Words shot from sons o' guns
63 Breath of Bermuda
66 What they ought to rename Johns Hopkins University
67 Here's where the kids get a tanning for Xmas (abbr.)
69 First name of the first gin maker
70 An eyeless slip
71 A little shot
73 Always seen before Olde Shoppes





Answer to last week's puzzle

BIGGER MAN *What Now?*

In These Changing Times, Where Will Our Savings Be Safest?—Here's a Cross-Section of Some Answers

by

F. EMERSON ANDREWS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

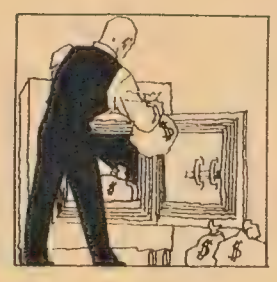
THE American little man is having his day in court.

His miseries have won him general sympathy and some practical aid. And so, with full recognition of the continuing seriousness of his problem, perhaps we can spare some time for another: *Bigger man — only slightly bigger man—what now?*

No Security Law spreads its cloak (however thin a cloak) over us. We have the dubious privilege of charting our own course to security. Once that was mainly a matter of character. Today, conditions have radically shifted.

My friend George Smith (he is an engineer in charge of a vacuum-tube laboratory) looks at it thus:

"In the past, periods have come along when life was completely upset by some major change. It looks as if we are in for just such a period now, and as if this time the upset is going to be economic. Personally, I like the prospect. People will have to think, and life will be exciting. But I'm laying my plans right now so that my family and I can weather any probable shift in the economic winds."



I have been presenting George Smith's thesis to a number of people of all sorts of occupations and shades of thinking. Even though the depression is on the wane, a surprising number of them rather agree with George. They feel that the price of personal economic survival is an earnest rethinking of their own future.

It may be interesting to examine some of the wide variety of personal plans they have made.

Trelawny Nathan was a bond salesman. He had headquarters in Philadelphia and worked the small towns down to Chester. The stock crash left him untouched, except for ruining his customers. His own money was stowed away in a bank. And then that bank folded up.

"I've seen plenty of the inside workings of finance," he says. "I trust nothing, and especially not banks. Next time I have some money, I'll really put it aside. Some of it will be in gold in foreign countries. Some will be in the best cash I can find and in safety-deposit vaults. No promise of high interest will coax it into any new shell game.

"You'll say that's hoarding; that it restricts currency and slows business and is antisocial, and all that rot. All right. If more people had done some substantial hoarding along about 1926-27, they wouldn't be public charges today."

I sometimes wonder if Nathan has examined the inflation experience of Germany, when even the largest hoard became worth only a few loaves of bread.

Alfred Lang is a city planner. The idea of change is not new to him. So he accepts more readily than most people the idea of change in the purchasing power of the dollar.

"My wife and I have already begun our plan," he says. "At the first sign we were really around the corner, we invested in common stocks, expecting them to rise first. Now that the rise is slowing down, we're already beginning to transfer into the safer bonds. What's more, we are diversifying. We are picking basic industries for the most part, especially those which seem to be due for special progress.

"We will have a 'solid percentage of possession' in industrial plants. If the currency is inflated, our holdings will be worth more in dollars. If deflation comes our bonds may go down in dollar price but will be worth as much bread and butter as ever. We will also have some government bonds, no matter how little the interest."

Some time ago I was pulling out of Havre, Montana. The middle-aged lady across the aisle grew talkative.

"I owe this trip to Glacier National Park to the depression," she said. "It was this way. My three closest friends have lost all they had. I've decided to spend my money while I still have it. The best investment, I believe, is an investment in yourself. If I was younger, I would take courses, buy myself books—oh, yes; and spend some, just for fun. But I'd spend most of it in such ways that I could make a living better afterward. At my age there's no point in that; so I'm traveling."

This idea of personal investment was carried a step further by a man in the book-publishing field.

"Salaries being what they still are," he said, "we found that we must either cut out our savings fund or take our daughter out of a fine private school. We decided not to take her out. What may happen to any savings we try to lay up for her we do not know. But if we can give her right now a little better education than usual, she is certain of having that all her life."

Helen Cusack, an insurance agent, holds that insurance is a cure for nearly all the world's ills.

"You talk of security," she says. "Look at the record of the insurance companies all through the depression. Not a single large company went under. But simple safety is

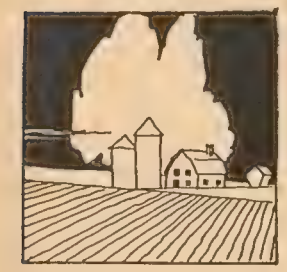
only a part of the story. Insurance strides over community, state, even national lines. It is the way an organized society has organized safety. It can cover all the major hazards of life. Then there are the various kinds of property insurance. But it's people I'm interested in—men who must establish an estate for their babies; men and women who must provide for old age and the forced retirements which come earlier and earlier. I tell you, the day is coming when all insurance will be compulsory. *Then* I'll be able to sit back and rest! But not till then."

Several others urged savings banks.

"Unless you break a leg or die almost immediately," they say, "you will get out of many kinds of insurance policies fewer dollars than you put in. If you want an investment that is safe and earns at least a small interest, go to a genuine mutual savings bank. Eighteen states, chiefly in the East, have special laws governing such banks, so that you can be practically certain your money is safe." Evidence that quite a number of people have acted on this identical belief is offered in the figures on deposits when money was tightest. An advantage of the savings account is that it makes money immediately available for emergencies. But of course the savings bank offers no security against changes in the value of the dollar itself.

Ernest Scully is general manager of one of the largest department stores on Fifth Avenue. He disapproves of nearly all the recent acts of the government, but takes the realistic view that the thing to do is to find out what is likely to happen next, and shape one's policies to profit by it. About security he is very cautious.

"I would buy art objects," he declares. "They are the only things I know which have intrinsic value and represent a natural monopoly. They will always have real worth in whatever the coin of the day may be. Some people think precious stones have a similar rarity value—diamonds, for instance. That is just jewelers' propaganda. If Great Britain should release all the diamonds already mined in Kimberley, the world market would be flooded and diamonds would be nearly worthless. But in art objects rarity is not artificially maintained and cannot be broken down. For real security I would buy, not doubtful moderns, but the old and tried things. I'd do it as a hardheaded business proposition."

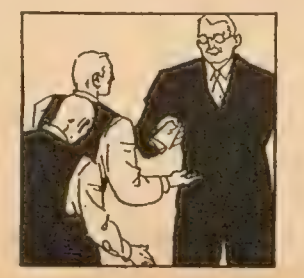


A. Edward Newton, the world-famous collector of rare books, has much the same idea concerning them.

But it is not quite clear how buyers of art objects propose to pay for food and shelter in the bad years, unless they sell at ruinous prices.

Martin Becker has seen business success within his grasp three times and then it has slipped away. He has written a book about the present economic system, with blueprints for rebuilding it.

"Most of those plans are positively dangerous!" he broke in. "For real and general prosperity, not to say security, the only thing to do is to lay up *consumers' goods*—a house or two, several automobiles, bolts of cloth, furniture, anything that does not deteriorate seriously with age. When bad times come, you live off your stores, trading some of your excess for such perishable goods as food. But if every one did this, there would probably never be another depression."



Some of us have reminded Martin Becker that there are such things as style, improvement and progress; that a twenty-year-old car preserved in dead storage would do him little credit and little service on the roads of today. The storing of most consumers' goods is evidently hazardous, unless we are willing to standardize on existing styles and present progress levels.

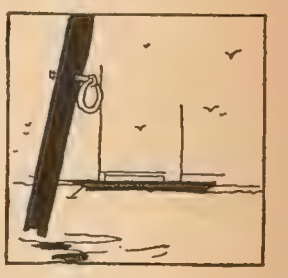
George Smith, the vacuum-tube engineer, has the back-to-the-land idea.

"You are not really secure," he insists, "so long as you are not self-sustaining. That's partly what is behind Henry Ford's idea of putting workers in small towns where each has a plot of land of his own.

"When I have the money, I'll buy two farms. One will be in the United States, one in Canada. If land should be nationalized here, it probably would not be there. I do not mean to move out to either of those farms now. At present I can do better making vacuum tubes. But there doesn't seem any other method of being *sure* of a living at all. So I'll get the farms, and run them now with tenant farmers."

Tanned by the sun and eyes still alight over her tales of Florida winter fishing, Alice Foster had another idea.

"You are just chasing up a lot of wrong alleys. "Real security is in getting rid of needs rather than in getting hold of property. The simple life. Get your wants and needs down to an absolute minimum, and go where they can be supplied almost wholly by nature. If a very severe depression strikes us, I will go back again to Florida, along the Keys or the west shore. With the bit of money I will have kept I'll buy a boat large enough to live on. I'm a pretty good fisherman, and could catch most of my food and perhaps trade extra fish for the rest. But probably I'd take a small plot on one of the islands and raise my own vegetables."



"It's not in what you have; it's in how well you can go," says Charles Winn. "Give me an old flivver, and I've got hard times licked. You can buy gas, or borrow enough to get along. You can follow the crops, or hear of some place where things is boomin' for the time, or pick you a government job."

"A ship is real security," a man with an Annapolis background insists. "We've just bought one, big enough to be seagoing, and yet Josephine and I can handle her by ourselves. She's a house, weatherproof, stormproof, and rent-free, and she'll last fifty years. If jobs peter out, we can still sail south for the winter like any millionaire."

Here came a quite different suggestion: that one invest in other people.

"Help your friend who is in temporary financial difficulties. Give your chore man better-than-usual wages and a special unexpected gift when he is up against it. If a promising young chap you know wants to go through college and can't afford it, advance him the money. Invest in such ways not only your money but your time and interest. Do it everywhere you can.

"How often have you seen a simple kindness bring in a legacy? Not every day, perhaps, but I'll wager more people cash in on kindness than on sweepstakes tickets. You will miss the best results if you invest actual cash in other people selfishly, but for the moment consider it solely from a selfish viewpoint. Granted that half the people you help will be ungrateful, or never in a position to return your favors; the remainder may return them with more interest than you are likely to get from any of your so-called practical investments. Besides, we are in a social world now. Your other solutions are nearly all of the kind that seem to work out for the individual but are likely to ruin society as a whole. If any considerable proportion of us invested in people, a serious depression would have no chance of starting."

THE END

Vox Pop

"Evelyn's Powers Are Commonplace, Dr. Potter"

DAYTON, OHIO—Dr. Potter's article, Has This Woman Supernatural Power? (November 21 Liberty) is interesting but it is more than fifty years behind the times. The powers of Evelyn are commonplace in comparison with the authenticated data that have accumulated in the archives of the various societies for psychic research in England, France, Germany, Italy, the United States, and elsewhere for more than half a century, resulting from the investigation of many of the world's most eminent scientists, of whose work Dr. Potter appears to be ignorant, as he cites his experience as "novel" and unusual when it is ancient history to psychic researchers.

More than fifty years ago William Ewart Gladstone said: "Of all scientific investigations now being made that of psychic research is the most important, by far the most important."

The names of the accredited scientists who have laboriously delved into this little known field of science, in the countries mentioned, are too well known and too numerous to mention in your limited space. For the sake of accuracy and enlightenment you should have an article on What Science Has Discovered as to a Future Life by some competent authority upon the subject.—*S. M'Cannel.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Will you kindly advise the Rev. Dr. Charles Francis Potter that if he will make as profound a study of astrology, the most ancient science of the world's history, as he has made of psychic phenomena, or as ardently consult an expert reputable astrologer, he will not only discover the basic reason for his subject's, wife's, et al., "extrasensory perception," but also the key to the Scriptures and a lot of other happenings much more mysterious and profound than mental telepathy or psychometry, and much more exact under test conditions, more strenuous and more severe than any medium, amateur or professional, ever could or would submit to.—*William Wells.*

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—The article in a recent Liberty entitled Has This Woman Supernatural Power?, was intensely interesting. Dr. Potter is right in his suggestion that this woman is the forerunner of a new race. You can find all the details about this subject and a complete rational explanation of these clairvoyant powers by a study of Theosophy, the ancient wisdom. The new race now being formed is the sixth subrace of the fifth root-race.

No one can understand the history of the human race, evolution, literature, archaeology—in fact no one can properly understand anything—until he studies the Theosophical truths. That is covering a lot of territory, but it is true.

Read Blavatsky's Isis Unveiled and The Secret Doctrine. They will wake you up.—*George Wilson.*

BEHOLD THE CONTEST JUDGE!

CLAY, KY.—The Rev. Charles F. Potter's mystic lady, Evelyn, has nothing on me when it comes to "extrasensory perception."

In one of my recent séances, amid a froth of fog, I beheld your contest judge. I send you a life-size sketch of his head (examine it—he might have rabies) as evidence of what I saw. This is very remarkable when you consider that never before have I had an opportunity of seeing him; in fact I have never seen anything that remotely resembles him, no, not among the fowls of the air, the fishes of the sea, nor among the men or beasts upon this earth.

But it is no more remarkable that out of two dozen tries I have not won even one copper from your contests. Why, that dizzy dope couldn't tell the difference between blackest and whitest—if I know my physiognomy.—*Charles William Smith.*

RIDING HIGH PLEASES RODEO ANNOUNCER

RICHMOND HILL, N. Y.—I am neither given to novel reading nor compliment scattering, but I do feel a word of congratulation is due the author of Riding High.

That story is so well written that to a person familiar with the game and the cow hands the characters are vividly true to form.—*Ernest A. Kehr, Rodeo Announcer.*

WOW!

BOSTON, MASS.—Hats off to Julian Field! That story, But the Melody Lingers On, published in November 21 Liberty, was a wow. Let's have more like it!—*Joseph Harkins.*

BUT DUNKLE IS A CONTORTIONIST

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Perhaps no vox has popped seldomer than mine. But my self-restraint has plumb petered on me since I read the Dunkle dope in which the Dunkle of the terribly-strained-after ultra-slapstick comedy says he lay "prone" in that pond, with his stomach sticking up as a target for stones.

That's sumpin', since "prone" means face down. That boy Dunkle is as much of a contortionist as Joyce Kilmer's acrobatic tree "whose thirsty mouth is pressed against the earth's sweet flowing breast" and at the same time stands and "looks at God all day and lifts her leafy arms to pray." Or words to that gyratory effect.—*Strickland Gillilan.*

[This is one humorist to another, though Mr. Gillilan does take a crack at a poet's famous tree. Incidentally, we are proud to welcome Mr. Gillilan to our popping circle. He's a writer of rare humor, a lecturer and after-dinner speaker, whose "Off agin, on agin, gone agin, Finnigin" is known the world over.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

STOP!

FAYETTEVILLE, TENN.—Damn continued stories! To hell with 'em! When people want to read novel-length stories, they want it all in one piece—not cut up in wee bits. It has always been my impression that books were made to serve that purpose—not magazines. Stop me if I am wrong!—*Pangle Stewart.*

RAZZING RADZIWILL, ADELA, COLLINS, AND BLACKLEDGE

TULSA, OKLA.—Your number for October 24 reached an all-time high. I have never before taken my pen in hand to tell an editor how not to edit, but this is a sharp yip of pain at the most unusual contents of this issue.

The Princess Radziwill accepts complete responsibility for her story—as well she should, since it sounds absolutely original to me. A relative of hers escaped out of Russia and told her about the beautiful princess who captivated Stalin.

Clever, these Russian princesses! So much for Radziwill.

And on to Adela Rogers St. Johns—the dame who stood for an hour and twenty minutes in a movie. Tell Adela that few Americans, even matinee idol worshipers, would stand that long to see Robert Taylor, Clark Gable, and six assorted male stars in person. And she came away in a maelstrom of amazement and delight! That woman is just plain *nauseating.*

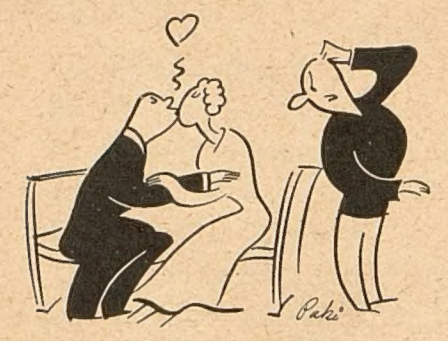
And the Frederick L. Collins exposé. Is he deliberately trying to complete the ruin of John Barrymore? If that's the idea, it is a darned good job.

And then Legion of Lost Souls. We will pass over that lightly. I never read this hell-fire-murder-rape stuff any more, but I do jolly well know that no man in a hundred years could live the series your Captain Blackledge has lived. Why,

he's—but, oh, what's the use! Russia, Tibet, Arabia, Egypt, Mesopotamia, Siberia, China—what are distance and time to him?—*A. Kat.*

HERE'S FIGHTING WORDS!

SUNNYVALE, CALIF.—I am twenty years old, my dad's housekeeper, "footloose and fancy-free." I have no intentions of embarking on the sea of matrimony for several years to come, although I expect that I shall some day. However, my dad insists on making a statement which I don't want to believe. I would like to have the opinion of some of the Liberty readers on it. Here 'tis: There is no such thing as love and a happy marriage; they exist only in storybooks. What do you think?—*Disillusioned.*



FOOLISH QUESTION FROM COLUMBUS, INDIANA

COLUMBUS, IND.—How many population does a town have to have to get in Vox Pop? This town has gained about six thousand in the past four years. Does that qualify it?—*A. F. Richmond.*

LI'L' SOUTHERN GAL DIVULGES

RICHMOND, VA.—How about letting a li'l' Southern gal divulge her views on your most worthy magazine?

First, I don't think your readers praise Princess Alexandra Kropotkin enough. I think she is "tops."

Secondly, I am sorry to say it, but I firmly disagree with your movie critic. He (or she) gave Joan Crawford only two and a half stars for her picture, The Gorgeous Hussy, and (maybe I don't know my stars) I think it deserves at least three and a half stars. Oh, well!

Third, I simply adore "Hardtack." I think he is the cleverest kid in cartoonland. Let's have more of him.

Fourth, I like Captain W. J. Blackledge's story The Legion of Lost Souls. It is thrilling, entertaining, well written, and swell. More power to Captain Blackledge!

Also I liked the short short story, Symphony in Minor, by Elita Wilson. And last but not least, you, Vox Pop, I truly enjoy every word in your forum—that is, except the slams, and do they make my blood boil!

All in all, I think Liberty is a darn good magazine for a nickel. Don't you?—*Mrs. George H. Lumsden, Jr.*

AMBASSADOR BINGHAM SAYS VANDERBILT'S HELL IN SPAIN IS RIGHT

"Phony?" Time Magazine in a recent issue thus characterized my eyewitness story on Spain which appeared in October 3 Liberty under the title Hell in Spain as I Saw It—insinuating that horrors such as I reported must be exaggerations. More recent pictures and eyewitness accounts of the bloody battlefields of Spain—the most lurid of them carried in Time, incidentally—make the glimpses I caught and reported seem mild indeed.

The attached letter, received from the Hon. Robert W. Bingham, U. S. Ambassador to England, is only one of hundreds which have poured in since my article appeared, confirming both my subject matter and viewpoint.—*Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.*

Dear Mr. Vanderbilt:

I have just had an opportunity to read your article on the Spanish situation. It is moving, eloquent, convincing, and right. What a seething hell it is! We should thank God every day for the Atlantic and the Pacific, and, if these madmen in Europe are hell-bent on destroying themselves, stay at home in safety and in peace.

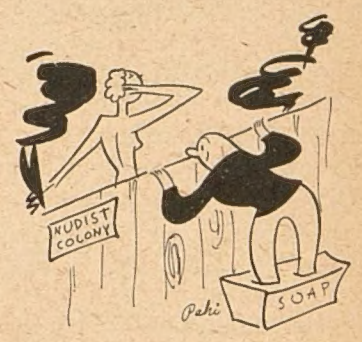
Sincerely yours,
Robert W. Bingham.

"HARDTACK"

"Somebody's wrong here—I still have three minutes to twelve."

NUDISTS AT HEART?

HARRISBURG, PA.—As for the Zoro Garden, San Diego Exposition, nudists being "commercialized and freezing their skins at night for the lousy sum of eighteen dollars a week" (November 14 Vox Pop), I wish to state that if the girls were not bona fide and credited nudists before they entered the colony,



each and every one was at least a nudist at heart before she left.

It doesn't take long for any individual to throw off the consciousness and embarrassment of being nude, and when that happens the individual would rather be in the nude than clothes, where and when the climate is suitable.—*Zorima.*

A MINISTER PRAISES US

PENNINGTON, N. J.—May I take this opportunity of congratulating you upon the publication of the article What Would Jesus Do in the Present Crisis? by the Rev. Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, which appeared in October 31 Liberty.

I believe this to be one of the finest articles that Liberty has ever presented to its readers.

Inasmuch as this presentation was so interesting and inspiring, I feel that it would be well to offer such writings more frequently.

Mr. Macfadden and Mr. Oursler should be commended for their frankness in presenting these plain and everyday truths to our people.—*(Rev.) Richard H. Crawford, Pennington Seminary.*

WATCH LIBERTY'S POLL

BACONTON, GA.—We are all reading so much these days about the failure and shortcomings of the Literary Digest poll. I think we should be commending Liberty for being more nearly correct.

As far back as October 31 Liberty (which was on the newsstands October 21) we were told by Don Wharton in his forecast on returns from 5,145 editors of American newspapers that Roosevelt would win; that there would be a big majority in the Senate and House was also shown.

Of course the *big* majority was not shown, but who dreamed of it? Even our President had no idea there would be such a landslide of voting for him.

Hereafter we will watch Liberty's poll!—*B. S. Miller.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

It Happened In

CAMBRIDGE, MASS. — Sergeant Charles P. Donelan of the Cambridge police was called out on a hit-and-run case and apprehended Paul Lezelter. He asked Lezelter who owned the car he was driving.

"Ida," said Lezelter.

"Ida who?" asked Sergeant Donelan.

"I dunno," said Lezelter.

"Now, come on—who owns the car?"

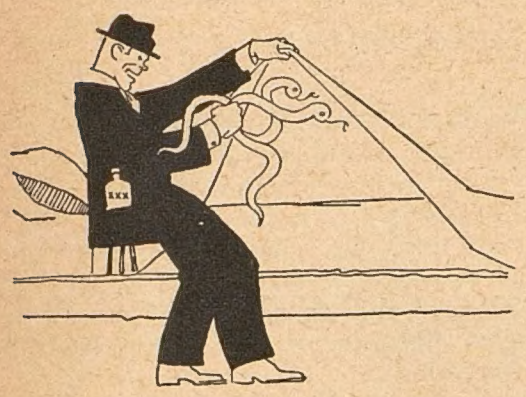
"Ida."

"Ida who?"

"I describe her," was Lezelter's answer.

Sergeant Donelan made Lezelter drive him to the home of the mysterious Ida. There on the doorplate was the name "Ida Scriber."

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Mrs. Erma Egen told a divorce-court judge that her husband put snakes in her bed every time he was drunk—and he got drunk 345 days in the year. She got her divorce.



MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Mrs. Edward Uhlar chased a group of children from a bonfire near her home. They returned with signs reading: "Unfair to Children."

CLEVELAND, OHIO—The Council of Jewish Women opened a "thrift shop" to raise money for welfare work, and one bargain hunter obtained a green felt hat for 25 cents and a tailored tweed coat for $1.25.

Long after the unknown shopper disappeared, Mrs. Milton P. Schlesinger, chairman of the venture, found her hat and coat, laid aside for a moment, had been sold.

Use the word "Insecure"

"So you left home to go insecure fortune, too?"

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY TOM HALL

THE MAN WHO HAS NOT GONE HOLLYWOOD!

As popular now as he was fifteen years ago! As good an actor—if not better—than he was in 1920! A box-office attraction who vies with the records set by Wally Reid, Valentino, Clark Gable, Robert Taylor; and yet—
He has never attended a Hollywood première, nor spoken over the radio or from a motion-picture stage. He has never dined in a Hollywood show restaurant; has never given a big party nor attended one. He has never allowed a fan-magazine writer or photographer inside his home.
How does he do it?
Frederick Lewis tells you the secret in next week's Liberty!

IS JUSTICE DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND?

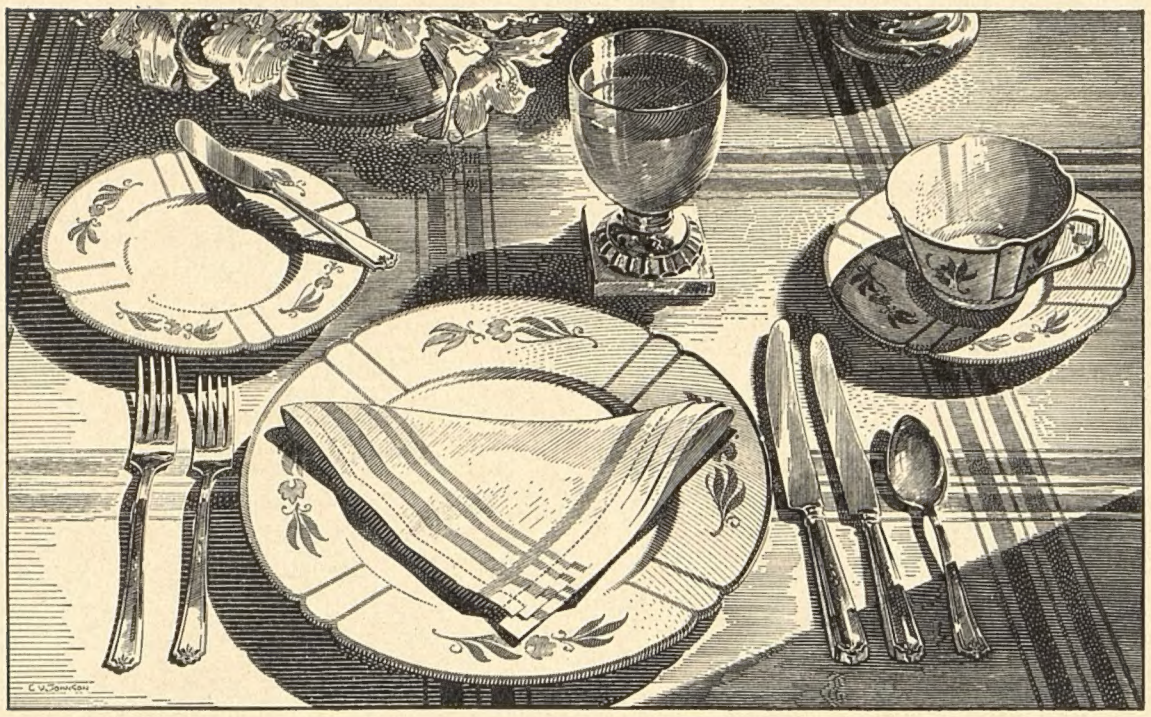
Is it true that, with the best crime-detection record in the world, our crime-punishment system, shot through with loopholes, is among the worst? Is it true that racketeers, gangsters, robbers, and murderers face trial with yawning boredom, knowing that there are at least six well known ways in which they can gain their freedom?
Is it possible that in the first of these ways a law-abiding citizen—perhaps even the victim of the crime itself—may be called on to face the horrible alternative of perjury and "five years in Sing Sing" or "a slab in the morgue"?
D. Thomas Curtin, famous reporter and war correspondent, is equally as famous as a student of crime and police methods. In a series of articles which begins next Wednesday in Liberty he reveals the startling inside story of the ease with which present-day criminals "beat the rap." Not imaginary cases these, but cold cruel from-the-record tales of underworld immunity to punishment. Would you believe it possible, for instance, that a group of gangsters actually arrested in the commission of a crime could be walking the streets today while their victim is behind the bars in the penitentiary? Read Liberty next week and see why!

Also stories and articles by John Erskine, Robert E. Pinkerton, John Kent, Norman Anthony, Margaret Sangster, Thomas Johnson, and others.

NEXT WEEK IN **Liberty** ON SALE DEC. 30

Get Your Copy of Liberty on Wednesday

HE POPULARIZES *the* SCIENCE *of* NUTRITION



How a persistent Editor simplifies this vital phase of public welfare through an utterly different Editorial Technique

A FEW years ago *food* was merely "something to eat." The common idea was to fill the stomach with anything edible.

The science of nutrition was little known, as was the importance of wholesome food upon public health and national welfare.

Today, when a professor of medicine of Harvard University is chosen as the Nobel Prize winner, the award is based on his knowledge of nutrition, a subject which he says "ultimately concerns the welfare of man and his place in future history will depend on what he eats."

Today millions of people have a better understanding of what to eat and how and why and when. Knowledge has replaced ignorance. "More has been learned about the science of nutrition," says the Nobel Prize winner, in tracing its popular acceptance, "in the last quarter of a century than in any other period in the world's history."

One of the pioneer forces that has brought about this great change is the tireless, fifty-year crusade conducted by Bernarr Macfadden. Sometimes called a "health-crank," he has seen most of his ideas widely accepted. Macfadden spent a fortune on the science of nutrition and in expounding facts about food in relation to health. He pioneered in practical research, turning theories into truths.

Macfadden's success in "selling" his ideas to the public lies in the strangely effective *Editorial Technique* which he has developed over the years. His powerful Technique is the foundation-stone of his whole group of successful magazines.

The *Macfadden Editorial Technique* means editing close to life as people live it. It talks the language of forward-looking millions. It deals with subjects governing their lives — health, love, success — things that affect its readers personally. Always this editorial enthusiasm carries interested millions along with it—never preaching *at* people . . . it talks to them in these unique magazines in a friendly, vital way.

The pioneer magazine to which this Technique was applied—Physical Culture—leads today in health education. The pages of True Story and the Women's Group bring inspiration and hope. Alert, newsy Liberty dramatizes its readers' current interests in fiction and in fact. Truly, Macfadden Magazines regularly affect the lives of millions of ambitious and responsive people.

Threaded through all Macfadden Magazines is the secret of their success — the vivid, humanized *Macfadden Editorial Technique,* an intimate and stabilized tie between Editor and Readers — and that accounts for the great, ever-increasing effectiveness of advertising in Macfadden Magazines.

* * *

This series of advertisements is sponsored by Physical Culture, the first of the family of Macfadden Magazines

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